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TURN TO THE RIGHT

A Comedy

IN A PROLOGUE AND THREE ACTS

BY

WINCHELL SMITH and JOHN E. HAZZARD

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TURN TO THE RIGHT.

As produced at the Gaiety Theatre, New York City, August 17th, 1916, under the management of Winchell Smith and John L. Golden.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

As produced at the Gaiety Theatre, New York City, August 17, 1916.

Joe Bascom.....*Forrest Winant*
Muggs.....*William E. Meehan*
Gilly.....*Frank Nelson*
Deacon Tillinger.....*Samuel Reed*
Sam Martin.....*Edgar Nelson*
Lester Morgan.....*Roy Fairchild*
Callahan.....*Harry Humphrey*
Isadore.....*Al. Sincoff*
Moses.....*George Spelvin*
Mrs. Bascom.....*Ruth Chester*
Elsie Tillinger.....*Louise Rutter*
Betty Bascom.....*Lucy Cotton*
Jessie Strong.....*Alice Hastings*
Katie.....*Justine Adams*

Prologue—In a Pawn Shop. (Early morning.)

Act I. In Mrs. Bascom's kitchen. (That evening.)
Act II. Outside Mrs. Bascom's kitchen. (Next morning.)
Act III. Same as Act II. (Ten months later.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

ISADORE.....*Polish Jew Pawn Broker.* (60)
JOE BASCOM (PETER TURNER)..*Tall, slight, handsome.* (23)
MUGGS..*Short, quick talking low comedian.* (27)
GILLY.....*Grim, hard faced but likeable.* (30)
AN OLD TAILOR.....*Polish Jew.* (65)
BETTY BASCOM.....*Pretty, dark haired girl.* (18)
JESSIE STRONG.....*Pretty, red headed girl.* (25)
MRS. BASCOM.....*Sweet faced, frail little woman.* (60)
SAM MARTIN.....*Short, fat country boy.* (18)
DEACON TILLINGER....*Large, shrewd, shifty-eyed.* (58)
LESTER MORGAN..*Handsome, dark, well-bred and well-groomed.* (26)
ELSIE TILLINGER.....*Pretty, young girl.* (21)
TOM CALLAHAN, Detective....*Medium size, blunt, kindly.* (45)

TURN TO THE RIGHT

PROLOGUE.

SCENE:—*Ossining Loan Bureau.*

A very dingy looking room filled with articles of all descriptions.

There is a double door R. C. *protected by heavy wire screening on the outside. Over these doors is a transom through which may be seen the pawn broker's sign of three balls. On both sides of the door are large show windows—on the upper half of each of these windows is painted "OSSINING LOAN COMPANY", the letters running backwards. Behind the windows are boards arranged at an angle running quarterly to the top of the window as if wares were shown on the other side. A few articles are seen above these boards hanging from wires, such as Umbrellas, Canes, Gun, etc. Through the doors and windows are seen the sidewalk and street, and buildings on the opposite side of the street. At* R. *window is small shelf upon which are piles of goods.*

A door down L. *leading to hall where a supposed flight of stairs leads to an apartment above where* ISADORE *lives.*

From R. C. *to* L. C. *is a counter set on line with back wall. At the* R. *end is a small desk enclosed with a wire cage with small opening. Behind this counter are shelves and a repository for clothes enclosed with curtains. When these curtains are opened a number of suits and over-*

coats may be seen hanging. At R. *of this counter are a number of packing cases, trunks, etc. A chair without a back, and an old box is in front of it.*

At L. *above door is repair table with tailor's goose, pressing board, etc.*

There is an old chair at repair table. There is a trunk and several suit cases, etc., R. C., *a dummy at back between door and window. A high stool back of desk.*

TIME:—6:00 A. M. *early July.*

Before the curtain rises, there is a rap at door up C. *as of someone trying to open it. The curtain rises slowly. The door is locked. This is followed by a loud rap. A pause.* JOE *comes to window at* R., *looks into room to see if anybody is about, then goes back to door. The rap is repeated even louder.*

ISADORE. (*Heard off-stage* L.) Yes, yes, yes. I'm coming! (ISADORE *enters hurriedly in slippers, trousers and undershirt. He is an old Jew of about sixty, somewhat bent and decrepit. He is pulling up his suspenders over his shoulders as he comes on. Another rap at the door up* R. C. *He increases his gait and shambles to the door, calling loudly*) Yes, yes, yes! Wait a minute! (*The door is shaken violently*) Here—here—here—don't shake down the door! (*He reaches the door, unlocks it, unbolts it, and throws it open.* JOE BASCOM, *known as* PETER TURNER, *stands in the doorway.* JOE *is dressed in a loud flashy suit, considerably faded, spotted and wrinkled; a brilliantly colored neck-tie and high "extreme" collar, dark slouch hat and black lace shoes. He is an attractive looking boy of about twenty-three.* ISADORE *opens door—excitedly*) Well, what's the matter? (JOE *enters—comes down* R.) Say, what's the matter with you?

JOE. This is (*Looking about*) the Ossining Loan Bureau?

ISADORE. (*Right of* JOE) Six o'clock in the morning you wake me up to ask me this?

JOE. Do you run a hotel too? I got word two pals of mine were here.

ISADORE. Two fellows got a room here last night.

JOE. I want to see them.

ISADORE. At such a time! Everybody is asleep yet. Come around in a couple of hours later. (*Starts to push* JOE *out*)

JOE. Then I'll wait. (*Looking about the room*) Got any clothes to sell?

ISADORE. (*With sudden change of manner*) Oh! Why didn't you say so at first? Sure! Sit down, mister. I was just going to get up anyvay. (*Crosses to* D. L.) I overslept myself this morning. I'll wake up your friends right avay. (*Calls off* L. *in Yiddish for his wife to wake up the two guests*) Rechal, Rechal, veck off die three val bayes veche three gekimen shlufen gestern loy nacth. (*Goes back of counter*) My wife is now waking them up already. So, you're around doing business early this morning.

JOE. Yes.

ISADORE. What can I do for you.

JOE. I want a suit of clothes.

ISADORE. Yes, sir. (*He turns to suits hanging at back, reaches behind curtains* C. *and brings out suit with very loud pattern*)

JOE. Something cheap, now.

ISADORE. Cheap stuff—I ain't got it. But I sell it to you cheap.

JOE. That's what I mean.

ISADORE. (*Comes in front of counter*) How do you like this suit?

JOE. No.

ISADORE. This suit is a regular sporty one.

JOE. My sporting days are over. I want a plain dark one—you know—something different from what I got on.

ISADORE. (*Nodding understandingly*) Ah! I understand—I got just the one you want.—(*Goes above counter*) Now wait a minute and I'll show it to you. (*He disappears behind the curtain with suit*)

JOE. Second hand will do.

ISADORE. (*Behind curtain*) I know—nearly new. (*He comes down front of counter,* L. *of* JOE. *with old, blue serge suit*) Now here is it a suit—a regular chatsky—(*Taking coat off hanger*) I got, from a gentleman three suits at a——

JOE. (*Breaking in*) How much?

(ISADORE *gives him a shrewd glance, then looks suit over carefully, caressing it—then holds it up to* JOE *and speaks as if he knew the price would be a great and delightful surprise.*)

ISADORE. C. B. O.—for you—twelve dollars!

JOE. (*Looking it over*) Let's see how it fits. (*He takes off his own coat and puts on the blue one*) I gave thirty for that one.

ISADORE. Sure, I believe you. (*Looks over* JOE'S *loud, faded suit*) It's a fine suit—good material—fine.

JOE. How'll you trade?

ISADORE. Trade! —For what?—For this rotten suit?

JOE. I want to trade this suit for a plain dark one.

ISADORE. (*After some thought—magnanimously*) Now listen here—I tell you what I do with you. (*Puts down* JOE'S *coat, takes trousers and vest from hanger, and hands them to* JOE)—Put yourself into these clothes and let me have eight dollars.

JOE. I'll give you two.

ISADORE. (*Persuasively*) Five, mister?

JOE. (*Takes up his own coat*) No.

ISADORE. (*Stops* JOE *from taking the coat and puts pants and vest on counter*) Do you want something else, maybe?

(JOE *looks about and sees old shawl on counter* C. *—holds it up.*)

JOE. What's this worth? (*Hands shawl to* ISADORE)

ISADORE. (*Taking shawl from him*) Look at the fringes on it! It's a pleasure to look at it.—Here, I *give it to you.*

JOE. Give it to me?

ISADORE. You pay me the difference on that suit, and I give it to you for a present.

(JOE *throws shawl on counter. He has the blue coat on. The fit is quite good except the sleeves.*)

JOE. The sleeves are too long.

ISADORE. I fix it for you right away—(*Measuring place sleeve should come*)—Shorten it about this size, and fix the other the same size—and the back's first class.

JOE. Yes, that's right. Where can I try these on? (*The trousers*)

ISADORE. (*Indicating hallway* L.) Right out there, mister.

(JOE *sees old doll on counter and picks it up.*)

JOE. I'll give you fifty cents for that. (*Gives* ISADORE *doll as he goes out of door* L. ISADORE *hands* JOE *pants and vest as he crosses to* L. C.)

ISADORE. (*Ejaculating with disappointment*) Fifty cents for that doll! Have a heart, mister!

(ISADORE *looks after* JOE *amazed that he has the nerve to make such a low offer, then shrugs his shoulders*) All right, I wouldn't fight with you. I'll let you have it for fifty cents. (*He goes back of counter—wraps doll and shawl in separate bundles*)

JOE. (*Off* L.) Will you wrap the shawl and doll in separate bundles?

ISADORE. Sure, mister. I put them in as many bundles as you vant.

JOE. And fix the sleeves?

ISADORE. I'll have it fixed right away. (*He calls off stage* L. *in Yiddish for an old tailor who works for him to come in as he wraps up shawl and doll in paper*) Itzick, Itzick!

OLD TAILOR. (*Off stage* L.) Vooes is?

ISADORE. Shtae off ich hob gekrigen a costomer men darf ficksen a rug. Stae off gicher is is a special order.

OLD TAILOR. Ich vell bald arunter kimen.

ISADORE. (*As* JOE *enters* L.) Ah! I know that suit's going to fit you just like new

(JOE *throws the trousers that he has taken off on counter, first taking* $10 *bill from trousers pocket and transferring it to trousers he is wearing. Goes* C.)

JOE. You keep this suit and I owe you five-fifty.

ISADORE. (L. C.) Yes, sir.

JOE. (*Taking out* $10 *bill*) Have you got change for ten dollars?

ISADORE. (*Taking the bill*) Certainly I got change. *He takes the ten, looks at it shrewdly, goes up* L. C., *takes out small bills, counts out four ones and two quarters in change. As he is doing this* MUGGS *enters from* L. *He is putting on coat and waistcoat at the same time—sees* JOE *and rushes*

to him—his coat half on. He shakes hands with him violently and ends by hugging him.

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *are two ex-convicts;* MUGGS, *a pick-pocket,* GILLY, *a second story man. In their profession, they are both considered high class artists and both are proud of their ability.* MUGGS *is rather the smaller of the two and much more of a talker. Though he is ready at a moment's notice to talk positively on any subject, it is quite easy for him to change his mind.* GILLY, *though more quiet and less assertive, has more real determination once his mind is made up. The three have spent nearly a year together in Sing Sing and have become the closest pals.* GILLY *has been out two months and* MUGGS, *two weeks.* MUGGS *is dressed fairly well, and though his clothes are rather sporty, they are not noticeably so.* (*A man, who, mingling in a crowd, would not attract undue attention*) *He wears a collar and flashy tie, with tan shoes. His coat and waistcoat are in a good state of preservation, but his trousers are somewhat frayed at the bottoms and at the pockets.* GILLY *is dressed in a rather ill fitting suit of dark brown or gray, plain color, and is rather seedy. He wears low collar, black tie and low black shoes. The shoes of both have rubber heels. They enter sleepily and show signs of having dressed in a great hurry.*)

MUGGS. Well, well, well! If it ain't the kid!

JOE. (*With great cordiality*) Hello, Muggs! (MUGGS *goes to* JOE) Where's Gilly?

MUGGS. (*Shaking his hand and embracing him*) He'll be here in a minute. How are you, old scout? You're lookin' great! Right out on schedule time, too!

JOE. (*With glance of warning toward* ISADORE) Sh! Yes, I'm out early this morning.

(*The* OLD TAILOR *enters* L. *goes to repair table, sits.*)

ISADORE. (*To* JOE) Your change, gentlemen.

(ISADORE, *after* JOE *tkes the money, goes up behind counter, picks up old blue serge coat and substitutes* JOE'S *blue serge coat which he takes from under counter; goes to* OLD TAILOR *and explains how it is to be fixed, sleeves shortened etc.*)

JOE. (*Taking the money*) Four fifty—that's right. (*He crosses to* L. C. *and* GILLY *enters.* JOE *hurries to* GILLY, *saking his hand warmly*) Hello, Gilly!

GILLY. (L. C.—*Speaking with* JOE) Hello, Pete!

MUGGS. (R. C.) Gilly ain't all there yet. He's sleep walkin' now—but he'll come to, if you give him time.

GILLY. (*Crossing to* MUGGS—*scowling*) Don't talk about "givin' me time!" (*Sits on counter*)

MUGGS. (*Grinning*) He's wakin' up now. What he needs is an eye opener. (*Crosses to* JOE L. C.) Have you got the price of a drink, kid? We're flat.

JOE. Sure I have.

MUGGS. Where's your coat?

(ISADORE *has gone to* OLD TAILOR *and is talking to him in low voice. He is saying he is going to breakfast and is telling the old tailor to keep his eyes on the boys.*)

JOE. (*Indicating* OLD TAILOR) He's fixin' it.

ISADORE. (*Crosses to* D. L.) It'll be ready right

avay. Is there anything else I can do for you?

JOE. Not for me.

ISADORE. Vell, if you *should* vant something, I'll be out there. (*Points off* L. ISADORE *warns the* OLD TAILOR *again, in* YIDDISH, *to keep his eyes on the boys, and exits* D. L., *closing door*) Itzick—heet.

OLD TAILOR. Nu, nu, men sall nit gonvennen.

JOE. I just bought this suit of him.

MUGGS. What you buyin' clothes for? When you got out this mornin', didn't they——?

JOE. (*Crosses right of counter. Breaking in—low tone*) Nix on that "Got out" stuff! (*Glancing at the* OLD TAILOR)

MUGGS. Aw, (JOE *points to* OLD TAILOR. MUGGS *realizing what he means*) that's all right—he can't understand English. (*To* OLD TAILOR) Can you, Moses?

OLD TAILOR. No.

MUGGS. He admits it. How soon'll that coat be ready?

OLD TAILOR. (*Shaking his head*) No. No English.

MUGGS. (*Turning to* JOE) See!

JOE. I just traded my suit for this. (*Crosses and offers* MUGGS *a quarter*) Here, you two get a drink.

MUGGS. Ain't you goin' to have one? We want to celebrate you bein' a free man again.

JOE. I ain't goin' to celebrate that way. It was booze that got me sent up—now I'm on the wagon for life.

MUGGS. Aw, what are you givin' us!

JOE. (*Quietly and sincerely*) That goes—I mean it. (*Offering quarter again*) Here, go ahead.

MUGGS. Have you got enough to stake us to breakfast?

JOE. Cerainly. They give me ten dollars to start life over again.—Here. (*Takes out a dollar bill*)

MUGGS. (*Not taking it*) No, you come with us. You ain't sworn off eatin' for life too, have you?

JOE. I had my breakfast.

MUGGS. You can't call that stuff they hand out up in the prison, breakfast.

JOE. Well, it was fillin'. You two go ahead. I'll wait for you. (*He offeres a dollar bill.* MUGGS *takes a quarter from his hand*)

MUGGS. (*Crosses to* GILLY) Go out and get a bottle, will you, Gilly?

GILLY. (*Quickly—up to door* R. C.) Sure. (*Takes quarter*)

MUGGS. (*Front of counter*) We'll get twice as much that way. And, Gilly! (GILLY *stops at door and turns*) Take your first drink after you come back.

GILLY. Sure. (*He exits* R. C. *to left*)

JOE. But you've got to have something to eat.

MUGGS. (*Crosses to* D. L.) Perhaps we can get it here. (*Calls off*) Hey, Pop!

JOE. You don't want to eat in this place.

MUGGS. He give us a hand out last night that was all right.

ISADORE. (*Coming on* L.) You want something?

MUGGS. What'll you take for a couple of cups of coffee?

ISADORE. Coffee?

JOE. We want two breakfasts. Can you get us something?

ISADORE. Well, it ain't my regular business—but I'll ask my wife.

JOE. How much?

MUGGS. (*Taking quarter from* JOE—*gives it to* ISADORE) Here—get us all you can for that.

ISADORE. A quarter!

MUGGS. Twenty-five cents.

ISADORE. Well, I ask her.

MUGGS. (*Crosses to* R. C.) That's right, you ask her.

(ISADORE *exits* D. L.)

JOE. (*Goes to* MUGGS) Now, what are you and Gilly doing here? I couldn't believe it when I got that message from you last night.

MUGGS. Took us half the day yesterday to slip that word to you. We wouldn't take a chance going up to the prison to see you for fear somebody'd get suspicious.

JOE. One of the "trusties" tipped me off.

MUGGS. Yes. We saw him doin' some work on the outside and told him we'd meet you in this pawn shop.

JOE. What is it? A fence?

MUGGS. No. Gilly bought some stuff here when he got out two months ago—and when my time was up, he come up to Ossining to meet me—same as we did to meet you.

JOE. Did you fellows come way from New York just to see me when I got out?

MUGGS. Sure. We want to welcome you into the great world once more.

JOE. Can you beat that! Well, (*Crosses right of* MUGGS) it's been an awful year I put in there. (*To* MUGGS)—but it wasn't nearly so bad after I got acquainted with Gilly and you. Remember how we missed Gilly when he left?

MUGGS. Sure.

JOE. Then think what it was for me after you went out a couple of weeks ago! Each day seemed a year! (*He shivers at the thought*) I've learned my lesson, Muggs. (*Sits on trunk*) You can bet on that.

MUGGS. Oh, forget it, and start over. (*He gets old chair from front of counter, draws it to trunk on which* JOE *is sitting, as if to start on a long story*) Say, listen! Me and Gilly has got a great idea all doped out. It's a bird—Wait 'till you hear about it. (GILLY *enters door* R. C. *Comes down right of*

JOE *with small flask of Rye Whiskey*) Ah! Here's the fire water. I'm just tellin' Pete the great scheme we got.

GILLY. (*Holding bottle up to the light and looking to see if it's quite full*) What do you think of it?

JOE. I don't know what it is yet. Wait a minute I'll try to find you a glass. (JOE *rises and crosses to* C.)

MUGGS. (GILLY *has uncorked bottle and hands it to* MUGGS. *Rises—goes to* JOE. GILLY *follows*) What do you want of a glass? Just booze and a mouth—that's all you need. (*Offers bottle to* JOE) Go ahead, just one.

JOE. No. Never again.

MUGGS. Well, I ain't got time to argue. Here's luck! (*He drinks, wipes off neck of bottle and hands it to* GILLY. *Crosses to right, sits on trunk*)

GILLY. (*Offers it to* JOE) Sure you won't?

JOE. (*Shaking head*) You bet I'm sure. (*Crosses to right, sits on chair at trunk.* GILLY *drinks, then sits on counter. Lights cigarette, etc.* JOE *looks at* MUGGS) Now what's this scheme of yours?

MUGGS. (*Excitedly*) Well, you know that horse you used to tell us about?—The one you was crazy over just before you got pinched?

JOE. Fire-fly?

MUGGS. Yes, Fire-fly. Well, he's entered at Belmont to-morrow in the big race.

JOE. (*Interested*) No?

MUGGS. Sure as I'm tellin' you. It's his first start in the East, too. Now, listen. This is the scheme, see! After I get out, me and Gilly talks over that stuff you was always handin' out in there about goin' straight, and we make up our minds you was dead right;—Ain't that so, Gilly?

GILLY. Sure!

MUGG. So we plan just to wait around till your

time is up and not to "pull" anythin' while we's waitin'—see!

JOE. (*Looks at* GILLY) And you've both kept straight ever since you got out?

MUGGS. Sure we have. Ain't done a thing—except pinch a little change now and then, just to eat with. But wait till you hear the big idea! Now we know how you used to follie the races—see?—And that you're wise to all the live ponies—and you're in soft with all the best trainers—so we dope it out that the three of us would go in together—beat the race game to a stand-still—and cut out the old crook stuff. Then, right after we plan it, we finds this Fire-fly colt, that you're nutty about, starts to-morrow——

JOE. But how are we goin' to bet on him?—You two are flat broke and I've got four bucks——

MUGGS. Let me tell you. Me and Gilly knows a place in the Bronx where we can turn a little trick to-night that'll get us five hundred cases at the very least. Now, we——

JOE. Here, here, here! (*Looks at* GILLY *and* MUGGS) How about goin' straight?

MUGGS. Sure we're goin' straight—that's the whole idea of it. But we got to have a roll to go straight *with*, ain't we?

GILLY. Just workin' capital, Pete.

MUGG. Yeh—that's it—workin' capital.

JOE. That's no good, boys.

MUGGS. I tell you it's the only way to do it.—And this job is a cinch. Why listen, kid. We ain't no yaps at our business. Gilly can put it over any safe crackin' guy I ever see work—and I hate to talk about meself, but you put that four bucks in any part of your clothes where I can't get it and I'll make you a present. Now, everybody'll tell you the only chance us guys take of gettin' pinched is doin' the thing once too often—But there ain't no such chance now, because this is the only time we're goin'

to do it—and they ain't nobody can call once, *often.* Besides, we want to go straight just the same as you do.

JOE. It won't do, Muggs. First, that's no way to get a roll. Next, if you do get it, the chances are it wouldn't last long at the track.—If luck is with you, you can win fast, but if it's against you, as it mostly is, they'll break you—and last, I couldn't go with you anyway. (GILLY *and* MUGGS *look at each other*)—I got somethin' to do—and I've got to do it alone.

(*There is a slight pause.*)

MUGGS. You mean you don't want to be seen around with us.

JOE. No, no. No. You got me all wrong. (*He puts his hand on* MUGGS' *shoulder—looks at* GILLY) Why, I think of you two fellow's as the best pals I got in the world—that's on the square. (*To* MUGGS) Three people can't be together day after day like we've been, shut up in that hole, without knowin' each other inside out, and we—Well, we're pals, that's all——! (MUGGS *and* GILLY *look at each other and nod solemnly*) But I got reasons why I can't go into no scheme with you or anybody else that knew me in there. This whole year that I've been shut up, my one big worry was whether—whether someone—would find it out. I don't think they have, but if they did, I'll never see 'em again—because they wouldn't live through it. (MUGGS *and* GILLY *look front,* JOE *looks at* MUGGS) I didn't go by my real name on the tracks and no one found it out when I was sent up.—(*Looks front*) That's the one thing I'm countin' on.

MUGGS. You're married, ain't you, kid?

JOE. No, I ain't married.

GILLY. Eh—A skirt! (*Gets off counter—goes* L. C. *Throws away cigarette*)

MUGGS. (*To* JOE) Yeh, that's what he always thought it was—a dame. Say—the chances are you're goin' to get knocked cold when you go lookin' for her. I had a lot of experience with dames and twice I goes back after doin' time expectin' to have a fuss made over me—say!—they couldn't remember what my name was—passed me up like they never seen me before—and it's a good bet that's what's goin' to happen to you.

JOE. (*Smiling*) You're all wrong, Muggs.

MUGGS. I talked like that once.

GILLY. What're you goin' to do after you seen the dame?

JOE (*Rising*) I'm goin' to work.

(*They both look at him.*)

MUGGS. What kind of work?

JOE. (*Goes* C.) Anything I can get to do.

MUGGS. (*Rising*) Why, you ain't got a chance, Kid. Nobody'll hire you——

JOE. (*Front of counter*) Anyhow, I'm going to try. I love a horse—I can't help that—but I put all the race track game out of my mind when I discarded these. (*He picks up his old coat and trousers from the counter. The* OLD TAILOR *up* L. *expostulates violenly, motioning* JOE *to put them down*)

OLD TAILOR. Here, here, here! Chapinit. (*Comes down with coat, helps* JOE *on with it*)

JOE. What's the matter with you—I ain't goin' to swipe 'em.

MUGGS. And there ain't no use tryin' to get you to come to New York with us?

JOE. (*Taking up bundles*) Can't Muggs—can't even think of it. (*Looking at* GILLY *and* MUGGS) I probably won't—won't ever see you fellows again. (*There is a pause—they turn away*) But I'm never goin' to forget you, and I hope you'll do what I want you to—there ain't nothin' in the other game.

(*He buttons up his coat, draws his hat well down over his eyes, takes out the four one dollar bills, and puts two of them on the counter*) Here's half my roll, boys. That'll get you back to the big town. *crosses to chair* R. C., *with his back to the boys, and arranges paper on bundles*)

MUGGS. (*Crosses to counter*) Nothin' doin'. If you're goin' to work, you'll need all you got.

GILLY. What time does your train go?

JOE. No train for mine. I don't want anybody to see me on a train. Where I'm goin' is only a day's walk from here. I'll get there by dark—and I don't want to be there before.

(GILLY *picks up money from counter and motions* MUGGS *to give it back to* JOE. MUGGS *goes to* JOE, *touches him on left should.* JOE *turns to him, then* MUGGS—*putting his right hand on* JOE'S *right shoulder, and patting him feelingly, he slightly elevates his chin with his elbow to attract his attention. At the same time, with lightning rapidity, he slips the money into* JOE'S *vest pocket without* JOE'S *being aware of it. There is a moment's pause.* NOTE.—MUGGS *palms the money.*)

MUGGS. So long, old pal. (*He goes to counter*)

JOE. (*Crossing to* GILLY, *taking his hand*) Good-bye, Gilly. (GILLY *shakes his hand, but does not reply.* JOE *shakes hands with* MUGGS, *who has gone* R. *of counter*) So long, Muggs. (MUGGS *shakes hands and also does not reply.* JOE *has the two bundles, containing the shawl and the doll, goes to door up* R. C., *turns and gives* MUGGS *and* GILLY *a long look. They have their backs to him. Unsteadily*) Good luck! (*He exits door* R. C., *past window to* L. MUGGS *and* GILLY *hold position. A pause*)

MUGGS. (*Turning away. Goes to trunk. Sits*) Well, he's gone.

ISADORE. (*Coming on from* L.) De breakfast's ready, boys.

MUGGS. To hell with the breakfast!

GILLY. Eat it yourself!

(ISADORE *looks at them in surprise.* GILLY *goes to* MUGGS *and offers bottle to him.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE:—MRS. BASCOM'S *kitchen.*

The kitchen of a farmhouse, set built as small as possible. Everything is cheap and plain but the whole room has the appearance of cheeriness, coziness, order and spotless cleanliness.

Entrance door up L. C. *When the door is opened a porch is seen at the back. A door down* L. *leading to parlor. A second door, above parlor door and facing front, leads upstairs. A door down* R., *leading to a woodshed where the kitchen stove is placed during the Summer. In the upper* R. *corner is a chimney-place, in an obliqued flat—there is a hole for a stove-pipe, covered with a piece of tin. There are a number of large nails or pegs driven into the wall in the chimney-place, on which are hung numerous pans, kettles, etc.*

At R., *between the woodshed door and the chimney-place, is a large cupboard with curtain in the upper section, through which may be seen dishes, etc., the shelves are covered with oilcloth. This cupboard has a flat top under which are two shallow drawers, one for knives, forks, spoons, etc., the other for towels, etc. Below these drawers are two doors behind which are kept flour, sugar, etc.*

There is a kitchen table, with drawer, covered

with oil-cloth, about C. *Above and below it are two cheap chairs.* L. C. MRS. BASCOM'S *easy chair and a small stand on which are* MRS. BASCOM'S *Bible, work-basket and spectacles, and in the drawer is* TILLINGER'S *bill.*

C., *in the back flat is a window. Below this window is a kitchen table covered with oil-cloth. Between the window and the chimney is a sink with a pump. On* R. *side of sink is a wooden shelf. A hat rack nailed to the wall, to the right of entrance door* L. C. *On the chimney is a small shelf with an old clock on it. Two oil lamps, chimneys covered with paper bags. A what-not, hangs on wall,* L.—*on which the brush and a vase of flowers are placed. A chair* L. *of window with a red table cover on it.*

TIME:—*Five-forty-five p. m. On the same day as Prologue.*

DISCOVERED:—*At rise,* JESSIE *and* BETTY. BETTY *up* R. C. *at sink, back to audience, washing dishes.* JESSIE *above table* C., *wiping them.* BETTY *is a pretty dark-haired girl of* 17. *She is dressed plainly and poorly but despite that fact her appearance is attractive and scrupulously neat and clean. Her sleeved are rolled up and she wears an apron.*

JESSIE *is also a pretty girl, somewhat larger than* BETTY, *and several years older. Her complexion is lighter than* BETTY'S, *her hair is red. Her dress, though of much nicer quality than* BETTY'S, *is not at all stylish and has the appearance of being "made at home". She also has on apron, evidently loaned her by* BETTY. *The* C. *table is covered with oil-cloth; on the table is an old cruet, containing salt, pepper and vinegar, pitcher of milk, also a small pile of plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks*

and spoons that the girls have finished washing. The girls continue to work as they talk.

JESSIE. (*At* R. *of table, adding the plate she has been wiping to the pile on table*) I guess you'll like it better after you get all moved in. Don't you think so? (JESSIE *speaks with a lisp.* BETTY *does not answer but continues to wash dishes, and places them on left of sink.* JESSIE *goes up for the plate and begins to dry it*) Betty, I say, don't you think you'll like it better after you get all moved in?

BETTY. (*Who has finished washing the last dish. Turns to* JESSIE) Oh, Jessie!—I—I—hate to think about it!

JESSIE. (*Going to center-table*) Oh, I've never been in the house myself, but it looks real cute from the outside.—(BETTY *turns back to sink.* JESSIE *goes up and takes last plate*) When do you expect to move?

BETTY. I don't know. Pretty soon, I suppose.

JESSIE. (*Going to table*) Of course it'll seem strange livin' in another house at first—but when you get used to it——

BETTY. (*Turns down to* JESSIE) Don't talk about it, please, Jessie.

JESSIE. (*At table*) I thought that was the best way

BETTY. (*Coming to* JESSIE) I think it's the worst way!

JESSIE. You do? (*Puts down plate*) Why, I never mind a thing so much if I keep talking about it.

BETTY. Well, I mind it more! (*Goes to sink*)

(MRS. BASCOM *enters from* L. *down stairway, carrying hat and light wrap.* MRS. BASCOM *is a little, sweet-faced woman, something over fifty, but looks older. Though of delicate build she is energetic, used to hard work and apparently*

likes it. She wears almost continually a pleasant, cheery smile. Like BETTY, *she gives the impression of immaculate cleanliness. She is dressed in her best go-to-meeting clothes, some soft, plain material.*)

JESSIE. (*Turns to* BETTY) Well, you needn't be so touchy! It ain't my fault your Ma's got to move.

BETTY. (*Back to* JESSIE) Jessie, you're just as mean as you can be! You—(*She sees* MRS. BASCOM, —JESSIE *turns and sees her also—Pause*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Goes to center-table, smiling and speaking enthusiastically, as if she had not heard the row*) Well, I declare! But you girls have been mighty spry, washing up the dishes.—I didn't think you'd be half through! (*She goes to chair, putting down hat and shawl, then to hall-way, gets apron*)

JESSIE. (*Turning to* BETTY) Will you forgive me, Betty?

BETTY. It was my fault. I'm awfully sorry. (BETTY *puts dish cloth on sink and carries dishes to cupboard, and arranges dishes that she takes to table when she sets it for* JOE. *A plate, cup and saucer, knife and fork*)

JESSIE. (*Goes to* MRS. BASCOM *who has come down front of stand*) Why, Mis' Bascom, how nice you look, you're all dressed for meetin', ain't you?

MRS. BASCOM. (*Putting on apron*) Yes, Mis' Tuttle's sick, and I want to sit with her a while, so thought I'd change my things first—It was real good of you to help Betty with the dishes——

JESSIE. Oh, that's all right—Betty helps me lots of times.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Takes towel from* JESSIE) You're sure you won't be late for your supper?

JESSIE. Oh, no, we don't have tea till half-past six—(*Goes to stairway, hangs up apron*)

MRS. BASCOM. Well, we had ours early to-night. (*Crosses to table at window*) Now, Betty, I want to put on this fresh lot of peaches before I go, the others are about done. (*Goes to table at window, takes up bowl of peaches, turns to table* C. SAM MARTIN *enters from porch up* L. C. *He is a short, rather stout, red-faced country boy, keen-eyed and shrewd. He seems to be the first to find out and distribute any new piece of village gossip*) Evenin', Sammy! (*Puts bowl of peaches on center-table*)

SAM. (*Comes down* L. C.) How do, Mis' Bascom! (*He sees* BETTY *and* JESSIE, *grins at them broadly*) Howdy, girls!

JESSIE. (*With superior air*) Good-evenin'.

BETTY. Hello, Sam. (*Quietly places sticks in window, empties dish-pan, hangs pan at chimney, puts dish cloth on sink*)

SAM. (*To* MRS. BASCOM) I brung over that crate of preserve jars—they're there on the stoop—what'll I do with 'em? (*Indicates kitchen porch*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Crossing to woodshed door; leaves towel on* L. *of center-table*) You can leave them right there. Thank you, Sammy.

SAM. Old Tillinger told me to bring back all the jam you got ready.

MRS. BASCOM. (*At door* R., *reprimanding him kindly*) Deacon Tillinger, Sammy, or Mr. Tillinger.

SAM. Yes'm—(*Looks at* JESSIE)

(MRS. BASCOM *exits into woodshed.*)

JESSIE. Huh! (*Crosses to* R. *of table*)

SAM. *Deacon* or *Mister,* If I called him what I thought of him, it would be a durned sight worse than "old Tillinger!" He's the meanest old cuss I ever seen, and stingy!—he's closer than the next second.

(BETTY *puts lemon, etc., on table* C., *and hangs dish-cloth out of window.*)

JESSIE. (*At* R. *of table*) What makes you work for him then? (*Goes to cupboard with sugar-bowl and cruet*)

SAM. Who else is there to work for here, 'less you go to farmin'? His store is the only one in the village that you can call a regular store.

JESSIE. (*Coming to table*) Well, if I was workin' for somebody, I wouldn't go around runnin' him down.

SAM. I suppose you think he's all right because he's a pillow of the Church.

JESSIE. Well, whatever he is, his daughter is a friend of mine, and I don't want to hear nothin' against him. (*Goes to cupboard with cups and milk pitcher.* BETTY *places kettle on table* C.)

SAM. (*Suddenly*) Oh!—have you seen her feller?

JESSIE. (*Turns*) Whose fellow?

SAM. Her'n. Elsie Tillinger's. The feller 'twas courtin' her while she was away to school.

(BETTY *back of table, stops work and listens.*)

JESSIE. How could I of seen him?

SAM. Cause he's here—visitin'.

BETTY. What! } (*Together*)
JESSIE. Here! }

(*Greatly excited. Comes to chair front of table*) How does he look, Sam?

SAM. Great! I never see such a swell feller. You oughta seen him lookin' over the store. (SAM *puts his hands behind him and walks about the room in imitation. He looks over right wall, at kettles, etc., hanging there*) Quite extraordinary, isn't it? I declare! I declare! I declare! (BETTY *comes*

down L. *of table*) One can get most anything here. By jove! (*He walks over* R. C. *and pretends to look about*)

JESSIE. That's like Englishmen talk in books. He ain't English, is he?

SAM. No, but he's swell American society—that's just about as bad.

JESSIE. Is he handsome, Sam?

SAM. Well, he ain't so pretty as he is swell.

JESSIE. How long is he going to stay?

SAM. I dunno—but it'll be as long as old Mr. Deacon Tillinger can get him to. You can bet on that. He's drivin' 'em around in the buggy now, the three of 'em all squeezed onto the one seat. Him on one side, Elsie on 'tother, and the Deacon in between 'em, so they can't hold hands, or nothin'. (BETTY *laughs turns to* L. C.) They was goin' to show him your Maw's peach orchard, Betty. I heard him say so.

JESSIE. (*With sudden thought, going to* BETTY) Oh, Betty, I wonder if they're goin' to get married and—(*Going up to porch door, looking off to orchard*) live in this house!

(BETTY *turns up-stage to table at window.* MRS. BASCOM *enters from woodshed with basket filled with jars of preserves, and jar of chicken broth.*)

MRS. BASCOM. There you are, Sammy! (SAM *takes basket*) Tell the Deacon that's all I got this evenin', but I can give him plenty more to-morrow, now the jars have got here—(*Crosses to back of center-table, puts bowl of chicken broth on lower* L. *corner*) I'm stewin' a new mess to-day. (*Takes up bowl of peaches*)

(JESSIE *turns at door.*)

SAM. (*Puts down basket and takes out order-book*) Do you want anything from the store?

(BETTY *comes down* L. *of table.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*After a look at* BETTY. *Putting peaches into kettle*) I guess not to-day—thank you Sammy.

SAM. (*Picks up basket, crosses to* D. L. C.) You don't order hardly nothin' lately——

MRS. BASCOM. (*Smiling gaily after looking at* BETTY) Well, when our ship comes in, Sammy, (BETTY *goes to cupboard and gets bucket of sugar*) we'll order enough to make up——

SAM. It might come in if you'd only—(JESSIE *comes down stage*) change your mind about that proposition——

(MRS. BASCOM *smiles.*)

BETTY. (*At* R. *of table*) What proposition, Sam?

SAM. (*Coming to* L. *of table*) The proposition of lettin' me sell the jam for her—(JESSIE *goes to stand, looks at bible.* BETTY *crosses to* L., *puts sugar bucket on table, takes cover off, puts it on chair*) Why, if she'd only give me the chance of selling it—I'll bet I could get her twice what the Deacon pays—

MRS. BASCOM. (*Laughing*) Why Sammy!—Deacon Tillinger knows what jam's worth a good deal better than you and me. He's been in the Grocery business all his life.

SAM. 'Course he knows, but he ain't lettin' on to you.

(JESSIE *turns.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Shocked*) Why, Sammy!

SAM. No, he ain't, Mis' Bascom.—Why I could tell you somethin' that would make your hair stand

up—(MRS. BASCOM *and* BETTY *exchange looks*) only I can't, 'cause I'm a business man——

MRS. BASCOM. (*Puts bowl down*) Now, Sammy you mustn't say anythin' against the Deacon. You know what the bill is I owe at the store—and he's never once asked me to pay it; and he's always sold the peach crop for me and never charged me a penny for doin' it. (*Puts in lemon*)

SAM. (*Coming back to table*) Well, if he's as good as all that, he oughtn't to mind if you get more for your preserves, had he?

MRS. BASCOM. If you want to sell them, Sammy, why don't you speak—(*Stirring the peaches*) to the Deacon about it?

SAM. (*Going up to door*) Not much!

BETTY. (*At L. of table, putting lemon squeezer in bowl*) Why don't you let Sam try, if he wants to, Maw?

MRS. BASCON. I wish I could, Betty, but the Deacon wouldn't like to have Sammy goin' to his customers.

SAM. (*Coming back to table*) I won't sell none of it around here——

MRS. BASCON. (*Surprised*) You won't?

SAM. No, Ma'am, not a jar——

MRS. BASCOM. Oh, well, I don't see any harm in it then. (JESSIE *back of* E. *ch.*)

BETTY. (*Picks up bowl*) Let him try, Maw!

SAM. Aw go ahead, Mis' Bascom!

MRS. BASCOM. All right, Sammy—If you don't sell any of it in the village, I'll be glad to have you.

(BETTY *turns up to table at window.*)

SAM. (*Delightedly*) Good! Much obliged, Mis' Bascom; I'm through with Tillinger to-night. (*Goes to door*) People think I don't know nothin', but I got a chance to show 'em I'm a business man now—a great chance.

(BETTY *puts bowl on table at window; then goes to* C. B. JESSIE *comes to* L. *of center-table as* SAM *exits quickly through the porch.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Wiping table*) Sammy's a real good boy—But sometimes I don't think he's quite right in his mind——

BETTY. (*Arranges dishes at* C. B.) I think he is —He meant something, you see if he didn't!

MRS. BASCOM. Well, I hope so. Will you help me with the other kettle, Betty! (MRS. BASCOM *exits into the woodshed, taking towel with her;* BETTY *precedes her,* JESSIE *crosses toward mirror*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Speaking off* R.) Jessie, will you hold the door open, please!

(JESSIE *does so.* BETTY *and* MRS. BASCOM *re-enter carrying kettle, smoke rising from it, and place it with some effort on the sticks arranged on window sill. The smoke rising from the kettle is seen curling slowly through the open window.*)

JESSIE. (*As they enter*) Goodness, that's heavy! you have a long way to carry things from the stove, don't you?

MRS. BASCOM. (*Puffing a little as she sets down the kettle*) I always have the stove moved out into the woodshed in the Summer, it keeps my kitchen so much cooler. (MRS. BASCOM *and* BETTY *move table to* C. *of window.* BETTY *hangs up towel, then gets water in measure and brings it to table, puts it* R. *of table.* MRS. BASCOM *goes to center-table*)

JESSIE. My stars, that smells good! You make the most delicious jam in the world, Mis' Bascom. Everybody says so. (*Takes teaspoonful of jam and goes to easy chair* L., *sitting on the arm*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Puts in sugar.* BETTY *puts away sugar*) I've made it a good many years now.

(MRS. BASCOM, *during this dialogue, with scoop sprinkles sugar over the peaches, then pours in some water from measure that* BETTY *has brought from sink, then takes small bottle from drawer of table and carefully drops in flavoring liquid, then stirs in kettle a moment with long spoon*) The worst of it is my stove ain't big enough to stew but one batch at a time. (*Looks at clock*) I ought to be over to Mis' Tuttle's this very minute.

JESSIE. (*Picks up jar of broth*) Is this for her?

(BETTY *puts away measure.*)

MRS. BASCOM. Just a little broth I made from that lovely piece of chicken your ma sent us. Betty and me did enjoy that chicken so much! (*She has put in the drops of flavoring extract and put bottle back in drawer of table*) Now, Betty, let's get this on the stove! (BETTY *and she lift kettle,* BETTY *also gets wooden bowl from table at window. They exit to woodshed.* JESSIE *puts spoon on tabe at window, and again holds door open for them*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*As she crosses* JESSIE) Thank you, Jessie. (JESSIE *crosses to easy chair at* L. *and gets* MRS. BASCOM'S *bonnet.* MRS. BASCOM *speaks as she re-enters taking off apron, goes to easy chair*) Now, at half-past six, Betty, close the damper and put in another pint of water. (*Puts apron on easy chair and picks up shawl and puts it on*)

BETTY. Yes'm.

(JESSIE *has picked up* MRS. BASCOM'S *bonnet. She puts it on* MRS. BASCOM *as she stoops.* BETTY *gets jar from table.* MRS. BASCOM *is standing at* L. C., JESSIE *on her* L. *and* BETTY *on her* R.)

MRS. BASCOM. (*As* JESSIE *helps her on with bonnet*) Thank you, Jessie. (*Kisses her. She puts her arm around each girl and holds them close to*

her for a moment) You're dear, good girls, both of you. (BETTY *hands her the jar*) I shan't be a jiffy, Betty. Don't forget to give my love to your mother, Jessie. (*She exits briskly up* L. C.)

JESSIE. Yes, Ma'am. (JESSIE *goes up* L. *of stand to easy chair.* BETTY *goes to front of table*) Your mother is just an Angel, Betty. (BETTY *smiles proudly.* JESSIE *takes apron off easy chair, puts it in hallway.* BETTY *gets red table-cover from chair by window and spreads it on center-table*) My stars! It's gettin' near supper time, I must be runnin' along. (*Goes to mirror over sink and arranges her hair*)

BETTY. You'll be goin' past Elsie Tillinger's, won't you?

JESSIE. (*Pretending she has just thought of it*) Perhaps I will——

BETTY. (*At* L. *of table*) You might see her beau if you do.

JESSIE. (*Turns front*) Huh! Well, it's better than nothin' to see somebody else's beau.

BETTY. Why don't you come over after supper and go to meetin' with us?

JESSIE. (*Crosses to* D. L. C.) All right! (*Takes parasol from rack*)

BETTY. (*Goes* R. *of table*) Thanks ever so much for helpin' me——

JESSIE. (*About to open door*) Don't speak of it.

(*There is a knock at the door up* L. C. *and* DEACON TILLINGER *enters. He is a tall, stoop-shouldered, sharp-visaged, sanctimonious old cock of about fifty. His manner can be oily and ingratiating at an instant's notice. He wears a Panama hat, linen duster, black trousers and very wide toed shoes.*)

BETTY. (*Placing chair at* L. *of table for him*) Good-evenin', Deacon Tillinger!

TILLINGER. (*Pleasantly*) How de do. Why, hello there, Jessie! (*He comes down* L. C.)

JESSIE. How de do, Deacon.

TILLINGER. I ain't drivin' you away, be I? (*Looks at chair* BETTY *places for him, but sits in easy chair* L.)

JESSIE. No, sir, I was just goin'. Oh—(*Comes down* L. C.) Do you know if Elsie's home?

TILLINGER. Well, I hardly think so. She's been goin' it quite some to-day. Her young man's a-visitin' us.

JESSIE. (*With assumed surprise*) Yes, (*Looks at* BETTY) we heard so? I suppose he must be awful attractive.

TILLINGER. Yes, and his family is one of the oldest and richest in the country.

JESSIE. Isn't that lovely?

TILLINGER. They ain't been in here, have they?

BETTY. (*At* R. *of table*) No, Sir.

TILLINGER. (*To* BETTY) I left them a half-an-hour ago, takin' a walk through your peach orchard, Betty.

JESSIE. (*Hastily*) Through the Orchard! Well, (*Up to* D.) I must be runnin' along. Good-bye.

BETTY. (*Crosses to* D. L. C., *closes it*) Good-bye, Jessie.

TILLINGER. (*Going over to kettle of jam, sniffing and smacking his lips*) Them preserves smell might tasty. I got a whiff of them 'way out in the road—(*He finds a spoon and helps himself*) They taste better'n they smell. (*Coming to* R. *of table* C.) Just tell your Maw I'm here——

BETTY. (L. *of table*) She's gone over to Mis' Tuttle's. She's sick.

TILLINGER Who's sick—Mis' Tuttle or your Maw?

BETTY. Mis' Tuttle.

TILLINGER. Well, you run over there, like a good girl, and tell her I want to see her a minute.

BETTY. (*At door, asks roguishly but a little frightened*) Tell Mis' Tuttle or Maw?

TILLINGER. (*Laughing good-naturedly*) He! He—You're a bright one you be. Your Maw. Now be lively!

BETTY. Yes, Sir. (*She runs out quickly, without hat*)

(*Left alone,* TILLINGER *tastes the jam critically, stands chewing and looking front thoughtfully.* TILLINGER *turns, goes up to get another spoonful, puts spoon down and looks through window to* L. *and calls off.*)

TILLINGER. Mr. Morgan, here I be, come in.

(*After a moment's pause,* MORGAN *enters jauntily. He is very fashionably dressed but in excellent taste. Rather swarthy complexion and black hair, exceedingly good-looking and stylish but doesn't conceal feeling very superior to the village and everybody in it.*)

TILLINGER. (*Coming down* R. C.) Where's Elsie?

MORGAN. (*Coming down* L. C.) Gone home. She met a girl, Sadie somebody. They went along and I came to find you.—(*Sniffs*) I say, what's that? (*Sniffs again*)

TILLINGER. (*Goes to him. Indicates kettle*) Er? Oh! That's what I was tellin' you about.

MORGAN. The Preserves?

TILLINGER. Yes, she's just finished cookin' them. (*Goes up, takes spoonful*)

MORGAN. (*Sniffing, goes front of table*) Mm! —Smells great!

TILLINGER. (*Coming down* R. *of table, offering spoon to* MORGAN) Try it——

MORGAN. No thanks, I don't go in much for sweet stuff.

TILLINGER. Just try it!

(MORGAN *stands front of table, tastes the tip end of the spoon gingerly, pauses a moment to let the taste grow.* MORGAN *starts to hand the spoon to* TILLINGER *draws it back and eats entire contents.*)

MORGAN. (*Surprised. Hands spoon to* TILLINger) By jove! That's ripping,—never tasted such stuff. (*Goes* L. C.) No wonder you say it's a big opportunity.——

TILLINGER. (*Going up to window, puts spoon on table*) What do you think of the orchard?

MORGAN. It's wonderful.

TILLINGER. (*Coming down front of table*) You won't find peaches like those nowhere else in the country. Sister Bascom's brother—Uncle George they used to call him—planted that orchard years ago. He had the greatest knack for growin' fruit, and he fussed and dug around them trees right up to the day before he died.

MORGAN. (*Goes to him*) And you're really willing to turn the place over to me, to run on shares?

TILLINGER. That's what I said.

MORGAN. You don't know what this chance means to me, Mr. Tillinger.

TILLINGER. Well, no, I don't exactly—why a young feller with all your money should want——

MORGAN. (*Sits* L. *of table*) That's it, I haven't got any money.

TILLINGER. (*Front of table*) What?

MORGAN. Not a Dollar!

TILLINGER. Why your father is one of the richest men in America.

MORGAN. Of course, the governor's got tons of it.

TILLINGER. I should say so.

MORGAN. Well, this is my situation, Mr. Tillinger,—I'm very fond of your daughter.

TILLINGER. (*Delighted*) I can't say I blame you for that.——

MORGAN. She is a beautiful girl—and a—Do you think I stand any chance with her?

TILLINGER. Well, I guess you can find that out for yourself.

MORGAN. I want to find out. I want to ask her to marry me.

TILLINGER. Why don't you. I ain't got no objections.

MORGAN. I'm afraid. On account of my Governor.

TILLINGER. What could he have against Elsie?

MORGAN. (*Rises*) Oh, no, it isn't that! He'd love her—he couldn't help it.

TILLINGER. (*Catches his eye*) See here! Ain't you and your father on good terms?

MORGAN. (*After hesitation*) No, sir. We're not—(*Goes* L. C.) In fact, Mr. Tillinger, I've left home.

TILLINGER. Left home!

MORGAN. You see, the governor has very strong ideas.—He thinks I ought to work and get along on my own——

TILLINGER. (*Quickly*) And I agree with him.

MORGAN. Well, I confess I never did—until I fell in love with Elsie. Then I realized that my father would never consent to my getting married until I'd done something to show I could make good, but I know that if I disappeared and went to some out-of-the-way place, so that no one would find me or hear of me, and then, after a while,—I came back to my father with some money, that I'd earned myself, without any help from him—why it would maks such a hit with him that he'd be glad to have me marry, and he'd give me anything on earth I wanted.

TILLINGER. (*Thinks*) Yes—I see. (*Goes to* R. *of table*) Well, I'm willin' to help you, but there

won't be no engagement until you and your father have made up.

MORGAN. Of course, Sir. I prefer it that way, and I want to earn some money first.

TILLINGER. Well, there ought to be a lot of money in these preserves—(*To table at window*) if the business is handled right.

MORGAN. (*Sits* L. *of table*) I should think so —It's a lucky think the people here haven't thought of it or they'd never have sold the place to you.

TILLINGER. (*Comes to back of center-table*) Oh, I'm treatin' Sister Bascom fair. This ain't nothin' she could do. It's goin' to take money and business sense to develope the preserve business, and she ain't got neither. Why, she hardly gets enough out of the peaches to pay the interest and taxes.

MORGAN. Then how does she live?

TILLINGER. (*Back of table, very religiously*) Well, Sister Bascom had a wayward son——

MORGAN. (*Smiling*) Like me, eh?

TILLINGER. (*Dropping the religious tone*) He was a good-fer-nuthin', no-account brat. (*Sits back of table*) He used to be always hangin' around Elsie——

MORGAN. (*Moving his chair backward*) Oh, he did? Still like me, eh?

TILLINGER. But I put a stop to it. And right after that he ups and runs away. That's over ten years ago.—Sister Bascom felt terrible—but she never let on. She'd smile an' say, she let him go, and it was a good thing for a boy to go out in the world and fight his own battles, an' she knew he'd make his mark——

MORGAN. (*Without interest*) Well, has he made his mark?

TILLINGER. If he has it don't show much. But he always sent his Maw money to live on, regular as clock-work, after Uncle George died,—I'll say

that for him, 'till about a year ago he wrote 'em he was comin' home —an' they got all ready for him, an' that's the last they ever heard of him! No word,—no money,—no nothin'! His Maw sent letters to all the towns where she'd heard from him, —Sheepshead Bay, Baltimore, New Orleans— (MORGAN *looks front and smiles*) to the Y. M. C. A's and different Ministers,—but she never got no trace of him. Well, from that time she's been gettin' behind more and more—an' now—this year peaches is a drug on the market; why they're rottin' in New York by the car-loads. (*Rises*—R. *of table —front*) She can't get enough for them to pay for pickin' and shippin'. I'm makin' her comfortable, tradin' her a nice little place—givin' her a clear title and Five Hundred Dollars just for her equity in this property.

MORGAN. (*Rising to front of table*) Very generous, I should say, and when I think of what you are doing for me——

TILLINGER. (*Front of table*) I'm doin' that for Elsie,—she's took to you.

MORGAN. Do you think so?

TILLINGER. Oh, yes,—she's took to you, an' I'd like you for a son-in-law.—You come from a fine family,—the kind I want my daughter to marry into.

MORGAN. (*Shaking hands*) Thank you, Sir. I'll run over to the house now and say good-bye.

TILLINGER. Good-bye?

MORGAN. Yes, I'm leaving on the 6:40.

TILLINGER. Can't you stay overnight?

MORGAN. No thanks, I'd like to but I've got some business at Belmont Park in the morning.

TILLINGER. Belmont Par—Horse-racin'?

MORGAN. (*Laughing*) Well, the Governor starts "' Fire-fly " to-morrow in the big stake race.

TILLINGER. I don't believe in hoss-racin'.

MORGAN. (*Places chair he has just left, at table*)

Oh,—I was raised on it—in the blood you know. and " Fire-fly's " the best colt Dad ever had in his stable.

TILLINGER. Now don't go riskin' money that way, Mr. Morgan—'Tain't right if you want to go to work!

MORGAN. No, Sir, I won't—but I've got to go to New York to-night. (*Goes to door, stops and turns back*) I'll be back to-morrow noon, ready to begin whenever you say.

(BETTY *enters hurriedly, out of breath, from door of porch.*)

BETTY. Maw's comin' right over. (*Comes above center-table, she sees* MORGAN *and stops speaking suddenly*)

TILLINGER. (*Is above table* R. *of* BETTY) This is Sister Bascom's girl! This is—(*Introducing them*—BETTY *bows timidly*) Mr.—er—He's a friend of Elsie's——

MORGAN. (L. C. *at door*) How do you do?

BETTY. Pleased to meet you, I am sure.

MORGAN. We've been admiring your orchard. (*To* TILLINGER) If I'm going to see Elsie and make that train—(*Starts for door*)

TILLINGER. I'll drive you over—My buggy is right out there.

MORGAN. Thanks. Good-evening. (*He exits door to porch and* L.)

TILLINGER. (*Crossing to door*) You can tell your Maw, an' save me waitin'. Say the deed for this place is all ready an' I'll look in before meetin' an' have her sign it.

(TILLINGER *follows* MORGAN *off, closes door.* BETTY, *at the word deed, looks front with a startled expression, then makes effort to say " Yes Sir " steadily. When* TILLINGER *has gone*

she goes to window up C. *and looks off as though watching* MORGAN *get into the buggy. It is dusk, the last rays of the setting sun shines in her face. As she turns from the window she stands a moment in deep thought—her hands nervously twitching her handkerchief or bit of her dress. The clock strikes* 6:30.—*With sudden thought she glances at the clock, takes quart measure from sink, pumps some water into it, pours some out as if getting just the proper quantity, and exits into woodshed. The stage is empty for several seconds.* MRS. BASCOM *enters from door of porch, puts empty jar on table at window, comes down* L. C., *going toward parlor door, as* BETTY *enters from woodshed carrying two lighted lamps which she places on the center-table.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Looking about the kitchen*) Is the Deacon in the parlor, Betty? (BETTY *is standing* R. *of table looking front; she does not answer*) Betty!

BETTY. (*Going to* MRS. BASCOM) He's gone, Maw! (BETTY *helps her remove hat and wrap*)

MRS. BASCOM. Oh, that's too bad——

BETTY. He had to take Elsie's beau to the depot but he's comin' back before meetin'.

MRS. BASCOM. Oh—I'm sorry I kept him waitin', (BETTY *takes her mother's bonnet and shawl, hangs them on rack at* D. L. C. *after assisting her to sit in easy chair*) Thank you dear.

MRS. BASCOM. (*She puts on her spectacles and takes up her work-basket*) Did you look after the Preserves, Betty?

BETTY. (*Goes to* R. *of table*) Yes'm.

MRS. BASCOM. Sure the fire ain't too hot?

BETTY. No, ma'am. It's just right. (*Takes lamp, from table*) Do you still want this in the window, Maw?

MRS. BASCOM. Always, Betty, every night, dear.

(BETTY *puts lamp in window the curtain on either side of it is arranged so it leaves an opening wide enough to let the light shine through.* MRS. BASCOM *sighs, puts her work basket on shelf of stand and takes Bible from stand. It opens at a place where it is apparent it has been opened many times before.* BETTY, *after watching her mother open the Bible, takes other lamp from table and places it on stand* L.)

BETTY. (*Crossing to stand with lamp*) Mr. Tillinger left a message, Maw!

MRS. BASCOM. (*Eyes on Bible*) Yes, dear?

BETTY. (*Standing back of stand, hardly daring to trust herself to speak*) He said the—the—*deeds* —was already—(MRS. BASCOM *looks up from bible —Her hand grips the arm of the chair tightly.* BETTY *takes chair from back of center-table and places it* R. *of table, then takes chair from* L. *of table and places it at* C.) and—he'll bring 'em over for you to sign after the store's closed up. (MRS. BASCOM *detects the quaver in* BETTY'S *voice. Looks up at her and smiles*)

MRS. BASCOM. Well, won't it be nice to have that all settled and done with? We're goin' to be real cozy in that little cottage, Betty.

BETTY. (*Coming toward her mother*) Cottage? —It's a shanty!

MRS. BASCOM. (*Brightly*) Oh, no, dear,—we can fix it up real nice and—comfortable. (BETTY *turns front*) Besides we'll be able to manage much better over there and, as the Deacon says, this place is too much for us to keep without—without a man around——

BETTY. (*Suddenly breaking down and kneeling beside* MRS BASCOM'S *chair*) Oh, Maw!—If our Joe was only here.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Strokes* BETTY'S *head tenderly*) We'll hear from him some day, I know we will—Why, I keep prayin' and prayin' for it, and every time I pray I jest know my prayer is goin' to be answered.

BETTY. (*Tearfully*) People don't always get what they pray for, Maw. (*Turns face up stage*) Lots of 'em don't.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Trying to cheer* BETTY *up, she puts her hand under* BETTY *chin and raises her head*) Well, then, perhaps it ain't right that they should.

BETTY. (*Looking at her mother*) And you do believe we'll hear from Joe, Maw—honestly——

MRS. BASCOM. I know it, Betty (*Looks front*) I know it!

(MRS. BASCOM *puts her hand on the Bible, bows her head,* BETTY *watching her.—Pause.—*JOE'S *face appears, looking into the kitchen from the window at* C., *then disappears.—There is another pause, and footsteps are heard on the porch.* BETTY *rises and goes up towards window. There is a knock at the door* L. C. BETTY, *drying her eyes, goes to the door and opens it.* JOE *stands in the doorway. He still carries the two bundles and appears just as he did in the prologue, except his trousers and shoes are covered with dust.* JOE *and* BETTY *stare at each other.* MRS. BASCOM *puts spectacles in work basket, on shelf of stand, and the bible on top of stand.*)

JOE. (*Comes down* L. *of table, lays bundles on it and turns to his mother.* MRS. BASCOM *turns and gazes at him*) Hello, little Lady!

(MRS BASCOM *slowly rises, dazed expression on her face. Goes to him and puts her hands on his*

shoulders—scarcely believing it is JOE—*then she puts her arms about him.* JOE, *almost timidly, puts his arms about her. No one speaks—A pause—*JOE *stands awkwardly embarrassed, as if he had forgotten what motherly affection is like.* MRS. BASCOM *takes his face in both hands, looks into his eyes then kisses him.*)

(NOTE:—*To get the effect of the above business,* JOE *should look much taller than* MRS. BASCOM. *She should somehow appear more frail, and smaller than before.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Half whispering*) Joey! My Joey! (*Happily*) And you come right in the middle of my prayer——

BETTY. (BETTY *has come down* R. *of table*) Joe!

JOE. (*Turns to* BETTY) Why—this ain't Betty? (BETTY *throws her arms around his neck and* MRS. BASCOM *after a glance of pleasure at* JOE *and* BETTY *suddenly turns to easy chair, kneels beside it, bows her head in prayer.* BETTY *and* JOE *do not see her*) Why you're all grown up, ain't you, kid? A lady, and pretty too!

BETTY. (*After smiling at compliment*) Where have you been, Joe? Sick?

JOE. (*Reassuringly*) No—I've been fine—never better.

BETTY. (*A little sharply*) Then why ain't you wrote us? It's been a whole year since we heard from you.

JOE. I know—but you see, kid, I went away—unexpectedly——

BETTY. Why?

JOE. Well, it was something I *had* to do. Couldn't get out of it.

BETTY. But why didn't you let us know?

JOE. I was afraid it might worry you.

BETTY. But we *have* worried, Joe—we've worried terrible——

JOE. (*Half to himself*) You've had nothin' on me. (*Sincerely*) I'm mighty sorry, kid, but I'm back now and you're both here—and well—thank God!—Why Little Lady—(*He turns to* MRS. BASCOM) I've been—(*He sees she is praying, stops speaking and he and* BETTY *both stand silently watching* MRS. BASCOM. *After a little pause. She looks up smiles and sinks back on the floor.* JOE *raises her from a sitting position, as she wipes her eyes, smiling joyously*) How have you managed to live without me sendin' you anything?

MRS. BASCOM. We've got on splendid—had every blessed thing we wanted—exceptin' you.

JOE. That's the best news I've heard in a year. I've imagined all kinds of things happening to you——

MRS. BASCOM. The idea! The Lord wouldn't let us want, Joe.

JOE. (*Going to table and taking up bundle containing shawl*) Here's a little present I brought you—(*Hands it to his mother, then goes up and closes door*)

MRS. BASCOM. For me? Oh, Joe! (*She crosses to* BETTY R. *of table—she and* BETTY *unwrap it excitedly*—MRS. BASCOM *unfolds the shawl*) Look, Betty, ain't it lovely?

BETTY. (*Seeing ticket pinned on it*) What does the card say?

MRS. BASCOM. Loan Bureau No. 9769.

JOE (*Quickly taking the card and tearing it up*) Oh, that's nothing—it's a new kind of store—They call it loaning, so if you want your money back, or to exchange it——

MRS. BASCOM. (*Crossing to* R.—*puts shawl on chair*) I don't want to exchange it—it's beautiful.

(BETTY *looks at the other bundle*—JOE *notices it.*)

JOE. (*Taking up bundle*) Kid, I got you this——

BETTY. (*Taking bundle suddenly*) Oh, thank you, Joe.

(MRS. BASCOM *and* BETTY *unwrap it*—BETTY *holds it up.*)

JOE. You see I'd forgotten how big you are. We won't count this. (*Takes the doll puts it on table*) I'll get you a present later.

BETTY. (*Picking up the doll*) Oh, Joe, may I give it to Mis' Mason's little girl?

JOE. Sure! (*Going front of easy chair*)

BETTY. She'll go wild over it.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Arm around* BETTY *and smiling with approval*) Betty's a dear good girl. But Joe, how did you get here? The 7:10 ain't in yet, is it?

JOE. I didn't come by train.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Crossing to* JOE, L. C.) Then how—Joey you ain't got one of them automobiles?

BETTY Oh, Joe have you?

JOE. (*Hesitating*) No, I've been walkin'——

BETTY. (*Disappointed*) Joe!

MRS. BASCOM. Walkin'?

JOE. Yes, I like to walk and this is the first good walk I've had for a long time.

MRS. BASCOM. I should say you had been walkin' —Just look at the dust on you! Oh, you poor dear boy. (*She gets whisk broom from shelf on* L.) You must be just tired to death.

JOE. No, not a bit—Why it was great comin' through the country—seeing all the trees and brooks and flowers—it was great. (MRS. BASCOM *starts to brush his clothes*) Here! Here! I'll do that. (*He takes the brush from her, goes out on the porch*) Say, what was that I smelled when I was going past that window?

MRS. BASCOM Oh, that's a mess of my peach preserves. (BETTY *puts doll on cupboard and the paper under the cupboard, then places* JOE'S *hat on*

the rack. MRS. BASCOM *puts shawl on easy chair.*)

JOE. (*On porch, brushing his clothes*) Well, believe me, it's some mess. Huyler's would smell like a delicatessen compared to that. I noticed it 'way down the road and it smelled great too. Is that perfume—(*He hangs up brush and comes down* L. *of stand*) to put on women's handkerchiefs, or is it to eat?

MRS. BASCOM. (*Closes door, then, with startling thought*) What am I thinkin' of, I wonder, standin' around here—(*Goes to* JOE, *putting her hands on his shoulders*) You're hungry, aren't you, Joe?

JOE. Well, a little—Have you and the Kid had supper?

MRS. BASCOM. Yes, but we can get you somethin' in a jiffy. (*Crosses to* R. C.)

JOE. Don't go to no trouble.

MRS. BASCOM. Trouble! (*She looks at him tenderly and smiles*) Why, that's real funny, Joe—Trouble. (*Goes to* C. B.)

(BETTY *gets white table cover from drawer of center-table, spreads it over the red one on table, then starts to set the table. At right of table she places* JOE'S *plate, cup and saucer, knife and fork.*)

JOE. (*Crossing to mother*) Can't I help?

MRS. BASCOM. Land sakes, no—do sit down and rest yourself—please do. (MRS. BASCOM *stands* R. *of chair that is* R. *of table,* JOE *comes to it and places one knee on it, and places his hands over his mother on the back of chair*)

JOE. I can't understand how you managed to get along all this year. How did you do it?

MRS. BASCOM. Deacon Tillinger gave us all the credit we wanted.

JOE. Tillinger!

MRS. BASCOM. Oh, he was awful good, Joe.

JOE. Well, can you beat that!—But anybody'd be good to you, Little Lady.—They couldn't help it,—even Tillinger——

BETTY. (*At back, and* L. *of table*) We've gone into debt——

JOE. Don't let that fret you. I'll get even with Tillinger first thing I do.

BETTY. (*Front of table*) Oh, Joe, will you?

JOE. (*Earnestly*) You bet I will.

BETTY. Oh, Maw, do you hear that? It's all right now—It's all right, Joe'll pay him. Won't you, Joe?

JOE. Certainly I'll pay him.

BETTY. Oh, that's fine. He was goin' to take this place and make us get out and move into that miserable Jones' house. And now we won't have to—Oh, Maw, I'm so happy! (*Crosses to her mother*) He's to bring over all the things for Maw to sign to-night. You know—that'll make him own the farm—but now you can pay him and Maw won't have to sign them. (MRS. BASCOM *goes to* C. B., *gets cruet and glass of spoons*) I'll run right over to the store and tell him. (*Crosses towards door* L. C.)

JOE. (*Stopping her*) No, hold on a minute, Kid. You needn't do that.—I'd better see him myself later on. (*Turns* R.)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Going to center-table with cruet and glass of spoons, puts glass at* R. *of* T.) Oh, Betty, do let's give your brother time to turn around an' get his breath before we bother him with all our worries.

JOE. How much is it we owe Tillinger?

MRS. BASCOM. (*Back of center-table*) We can talk about that after you've had your supper.

JOE. Do we owe him as much as that?

(MRS. BASCOM *laughs.*)

BETTY. (L. *of table*) It's a lot, one hundred and twenty-eight dollars and sixty cents.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Anxiously*) Is it? Where's his bill, Betty?

BETTY. (*Goes to stand*) But there's three dozen jars of jam to come off of that—(*Takes bill from drawer of stand.* MRS. BASCOM *goes to* C. B. *gets sugar bowl and a glass and places them on* C. T.) that's thirty-six times ten—Thirty-six dollars—Oh, no! (*Her face falls*) It's only three dollars and sixty cents. That leaves (*Looks at bill*) just one hundred and twenty-five.

JOE. He was going to take this place on account of a piking hundred and twenty-five dollars?

(MRS. BASCOM *and* BETTY *look at each other, in admiration of* JOE.)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Comes down between table and chair*) Well, I don't suppose a hundred and twenty-five dollars seems much to you——

JOE. Oh, no, it ain't nothin' to me—(*Turns* R.)

(BETTY *puts bill back in drawer. Comes back to* L. *of table.*)

MRS. BASCOM. You see we expected a lot from the peach crop this year. It's about the biggest we ever had. But now the market's so over-stocked, the Deacon can't sell ours at any price, and he has always thought this farm was too big for Betty an' me.

JOE. (*With determination. Hands on her shoulders*) Well, you're going to stay right here.

MRS. BASCOM. It will be lovely for you to pay him when he comes to-night. The thought of leavin' here has almost broke Betty's heart.

BETTY. (*Goes to her*) It's almost broke yours too, but you wouldn't let on.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Hands on her shoulders*) Here we are, standin' around and lettin' Joe starve to death.—

BETTY. (*Going into woodshed*) I can get his supper, Maw.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Following her off*) We can both get it, dear. We can both get it. (*Looks back at* JOE *from doorway*)

JOE. (*Stands facing front*) A hundred and twenty-five dollars! (*Puts his hand in pocket and pulls out a one dollar bill and some change*) One hundred and twenty-three, sixty-five shy.—(*He unconsciously feels in vest pocket, suddenly looks front, surprised—draws out two one dollar bills.—He quickly feels through all other pockets then, with sudden comprehension, his face breaks into a smile*) Muggs! (*Goes toward* L.—*he notices Bible on stand*) Well, well well—(*Goes over to it and picks it up—Looks at it—Shakes his head, smiling.—Opens it at the family page and reads—*) Joseph Bascom, born April 1st. (*He closes book, puts it back, puts his hands in his pockets and walks about the room in thought, turns up stage and goes to window, looks at lamp and the way the curtains are drawn; turns front with the thought that the lamp was put in the window for him—goes to the pump and tries it. His eye catches sight of the clock on chimney* R.—*He stops, smiles*) Hello, clock!—Remember me? (*Goes to* C. B.) One hundred and twenty-five dollars!—(*The porch door opens suddenly and* ELSIE *enters.—*JOE *turns—they stand looking at each other for a moment*)

(ELSIE TILLINGER *is an extremely pretty girl of about twenty, dressed simply but attractively and in excellent taste. She wears a light Spring gown but no hat or gloves. She is a decided blond. She closes the door before speaking.*)

ELSIE. I beg pardon—I—(*About to turn away*

when she recognizes JOE.—*She stands limp and bewildered, gazing at him*)

JOE. Elsie Tillinger!

ELSIE. (*Almost hysterically*) Joe!

JOE. Elsie! (*She looks at him half bewildered a moment, then rushes towards him as if to embrace him.* JOE *meets her in front of the table and not noticing her movement, with sudden thought of what he is, backs away a step, and takes her hand. Shaking hands*) How do you do,—Miss Elsie?—

ELSIE. (*Her expression changing*) *Miss* Elsie!

JOE. (*With embarrassed laugh*) Well, I thought I ought to say that now,—I almost said Miss Tillinger. (*She is still looking at him—a little pause—*) You see—we're grown up now and I—I'm—Oh, I'm so glad to see you I don't know what I'm talking about—yes—(*Laughs*) I beg your pardon, won't you sit down—(*Places chair* R. *of* T.)

ELSIE. (*As she sits*) I'm just beginning to get my breath back. I can't seem to realize that you're here.—Did anyone know you were coming?

JOE. Yes, I did.—

ELSIE. (*Laughing*) But no one else—not your mother or Betty?

JOE. No, I surprised them!

ELSIE. How happy they must be.—Oh, Joe, it's been the longest time since they've heard from you—

JOE. (*Serious*) It has seemed like a lifetime to me. (*Lighter*) But I'm back now—(*Looks about*) and everythin' here looks just the same—as if I hadn't been away at all. Why when I came by the well out there it looked so familiar I bowed to it. (*She looks away*) That's where you stood, Elsie, the last time I saw you——

ELSIE. (*Face turned away*) Yes——

JOE. I remember the dress you had on—(*She looks at him*) it wasn't as long as this one—(*Laughs*) but you look now as I imagined you would—only a lot more so.

ELSIE. (*After a little laugh*) And you've never once written to me in all that time——

JOE. I couldn't, Elsie—I—(*He walks away from her, up-stage; then back to her, speaks with light tone again*) The last I heard of you you were away at school.

ELSIE. How did you know?

JOE. Mother used to write me—every letter had something about you.

ELSIE. And I used to get her to read me your letters before they stopped coming. (*He looks at her*) And then I'd always hear of the splendid way you were getting on.

JOE. (*Bitterly*) Yes?

ELSIE How you went to church so regularly—what a fine man the minister was—and your friends were all such good religious people.

JOE. (*Shaking head sadly*) And she'd believe them?

ELSIE. Yes—and I was glad you wrote them—they'd make her so happy.

JOE. That's a fine way to make her happy!

ELSIE. (*Turning away*) It—it was much better than to get no letter at all.

JOE. (*Looks at her*) Elsie, I never wrote to you because—because I was a failure—a miserable, hopeless failure!

ELSIE. (*Rises, she looks at him sympathetically*) But, Joe,—you're young! There's plenty of time to start over again.

JOE. (*Close to her*) You think so?

ELSIE. Of course there is.

JOE. (*Thinks of prison again—his eyes slowly falling*) I wonder!

(BETTY *enters from woodshed, brings bread and large pitcher of milk.*)

BETTY. Hello, Elsie! He's back.

ELSIE. (*Smiling*) So he's told me. (BETTY *goes back of center-table with bread and milk*) I don't suppose your mother's happy?

BETTY. (*Laughing*) Almost out of her mind. (*Puts milk and bread on table* C. ELSIE *starts for porch door*) Oh, don't go, Elsie.

ELSIE. This is no time for callers. (*Turns at door*) I only ran in to ask you to stop by for me on your way to meeting, but probably you're not going now.

BETTY. Oh, yes, we are, and Jessie's comin' over.

ELSIE. Then why don't you two stop for me?

BETTY. (*Puts pitcher and bread on table at window*) All right!

ELSIE. I'm awfully glad you're back, Joe. (*Opens door*) Remember what I said!

JOE. I'm thinkin' of it now.

ELSIE. (*Leaning against door*) Perhaps *you'll* come to meeting?

JOE. Perhaps,—I need it.

ELSIE. No doubt! (*She laughs as* JOE *looks at her, and exits*)

(JOE *goes quickly up to window and looks after her.*)

BETTY. (*Preparing table moves* JOE'S *plate to* C.) The fellow Elsie's goin' to marry was here to-day— (JOE *turns quickly, and comes down* R. C. BETTY, *still busy*) and Deacon Tillinger introduced me to him. He's a New Yorker and in society, and his father's a millionaire! (JOE *is staring front*) I think the Deacon expected to give them this place when they're married. But he can't now. (BETTY *goes toward* JOE, *trying hard to think of something to say*) Your supper'll be ready before long— (*Crosses to door* R.) Are you starvin'?

JOE. No—no—don't hurry.

BETTY. (*At woodshed door, turns to him*) It's awful funny, you're my brother and somehow I don't feel acquainted with you at all.

JOE. Well, we'll get used to each other in time. (*Kisses her*)

BETTY. I—I must go back an' help Maw. (*Exit to woodshed*)

(JOE *stands in thought. A knock on porch door.* JOE *goes to door, opens it.* MUGGS *and* GILLY *stand outside.*)

JOE. (*In startled voice*) You two!

MUGGS. (*As they enter*) Well, I'll be——

GILLY. (*Closes door is* R. *of* MUGGS) Pete!

JOE. Ssh! (*Looks* R., *continues in low tone; is* R. *of* GILLY) What the devil do you fellows mean by following me?

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *stop short.*)

MUGGS. We didn't follie yer.

JOE. Don't try to kid me.

GILLY. No—on the level, we didn't.

MUGGS. We hops a freight for the big town—gits in an empty an' what do they do but switch us off on a siding over there and leave us flat. It's dark an' we're broke an' starvin'—so we quits the empty to look for a hand-out——

JOE. (*Not believing it*) Too bad, boys, but I'm afraid you'll have to take a sneak. (*Crosses to door* R. *and listens*)

MUGGS. (MUGGS *and* GILLY *come down* L. C.) Oh, this is where the dame is.

GILLY. Sure. (GILLY *and* MUGGS *look at each other*)

MUGGS. What d'you think of that. A rube dame! Come on, Gilly. (*Start for porch door*)

JOE. I'm sorry, boys. (*Comes to them back of table*)

GILLY. (*Hesitating a moment*) Was it all right, Pete? She hadn't forgot yer?

JOE. (*Shaking head impatiently*) No.

GILLY. (*Shaking* JOE'S *hand*) We didn't mean to butt in—on the level we didn't——

(MRS. BASCOM *enters from the woodshed, with dish of lettuce.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*As she enters, comes* R. *of table*) Joey, do you like—(*Sees* MUGGS *and* GILLY) Oh! (*Pause*)

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *take off hats.*)

JOE. Little Lady, these are a couple of pals of mine—business acquaintances—this is Mug—M—Mr. McCarthy—(*Indicating* MUGGS) and this is Mr.—Gilbert. Fellows, this is my mother.

(*The boys stand astonished.*)

MRS. BASCOM. Well—well—well. (*Puts dish of lettuce on table and going to them* L. *of table, smiling*) I'm *real* glad to see you, Mr. Gilbert. (*She shakes hands with* GILLY. JOE *comes down* R. *of table*)

GILLY. (*Much embarrassed*) Thank you, Ma'am.

MRS. BASCOM. And you too, Mr. McCarthy. (*Shakes hands with him, then crosses to parlor door.* MUGGS *bows and smiles—follows her with his eyes*) Won't you both step right into the parlor!

MUGGS. Oh, no, ma'am, no. We—we got to be gettin' on.

GILLY. We're in a sort of a hurry. (*Starts for door*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Surprised*) Oh, ain't that too bad! (*Crosses to* JOE *at* R. *of table*) Joey, dear I hope they ain't goin' because they're afraid they took me by surprise. (*Comes back to* MUGGS *and*

GILLY) Joe didn't tell me you was comin' but he has only just got here himself, an' I hain't given him a chance to tell me much of anythin' yet.

GILLY. Well, you see he didn't know we was comin'.

MRS. BASCOM. Oh!

MUGGS. No, ma'am, we blows in—unexpected.

MRS. BASCOM. Surprised him.

GILLY. Yes'm.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Goes to* JOE R. *of table*) Well ain't that nice! (*Turns to* GILLY *and* MUGGS) Can't you stay to supper?

(JOE *goes up back of table.* MUGGS *and* GILLY *look at each other.*)

MUGGS. Supper!

MRS. BASCOM. Joe's just goin' to have his. I got plenty—can't you? (*She looks smilingly at* MUGGS *and* GILLY. MUGGS *smacks his lips*)

GILLY. (*Glancing at* JOE) Well, we're much obliged, ma'am, but we am't exactly—er—hungry.

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *start for door.*)

JOE. (*Watching them and relenting*) I guess you better stay. You can spare that much time.

MRS. BASCOM. Oh, do, that'll be lovely, an' then Joe won't have to eat alone.

(GILLY *and* MUGGS *look anxiously at* JOE.)

JOE. (*Signaling that it's all right*) Come on—stay!

MUGGS. Why, sure, if he's got to eat alone—we'll keep him company—won't we Gil—Mr. Gilbert?

GILLY. (*Looks at* MUGGS, *then at* MRS. BASCOM) I—I don't mind.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Placing chair* R. *of table*) That's

real good of you. Just set right down. I won't be no time. (*She exits into woodshed*)

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *stand motionless a moment,* JOE *watching them.*)

MUGGS. (*Looks after* MRS. BASCOM) Your mother—(*Looks front*) And we thought it was a dame! Say—(*He looks about the kitchen*) Can't we clean up a little?

JOE. Sure—(*Pumps basin of water at sink.* MUGGS *hangs his hat on rack at door,* GILLY *puts his on easy chair, they start for sink, and stop half way as* JOE *is pumping the water*) Help yourselves.

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *go quickly for basin, and wash at the same time.* GILLY *crosses in front of table and is* R. *of* MUGGS *at the sink.* JOE *gets towel from cupboard; they each use an end of it, during which following is spoken.*)

JOE. Fellows, I'd rather drop dead than to have my mother find out about me, and your being here scares me to death.

MUGGS. (*Crossing to him*) Listen, Pete——

JOE. (*Handing towel*) Nix on that "Pete." My name's Joe, Joe Bascom—and I'm in business. (*Crosses, takes chair by window and places it* L. *of table*)

GILLY. What business?

(GILLY *and* MUGGS *are both wiping on the same towel.* GILLY *starts towards* JOE *with his end of towel.* MUGGS *pulls him back.*)

JOE. I dunno—just business. Don't try to make it one thing or another. You live in New York—but don't give any address, see?

(GILLY *throws towel in sink, then realizing what he has done, takes it and hangs it on the towel rack by the window.*)

MUGGS. (*Crossing to* JOE) We got yer. We got yer. Don't think we're goin' to get you in wrong. Why, I'd rather cut me throat than have—her—get wise.

GILLY. Me, too. Perhaps we'd better sneak now.

JOE. No, wait for the chuck—but for God's sake be carful.

MUGGS. (*Seeing kettle of preserves at window, leans over table and smells it. To* GILLY) That's it—(*Again leans over and sniffs it*) that's the stuff that brought us here.

GILLY. (*Goes to kettle*) That's what it is—We smells it 'way up the road and we follows the scent right to this door. (*Crosses at back and down to easy chair* L. *Gets hat*)

MUGGS. (*Indicating off* R.) She made it, didn't she?

JOE. Sure!

MUGGS. (*Looking front and smiling*) Somehow you'd know it was her.

GILLY. (*Looking front thoughtfully*) The way she smiles at us—that's what I keeps thinkin' of—(*Holding out his hand as he remembered* MRS. BASCOM *had done*) "I'm *real* glad to see you, Mr.—" Say! What's me name?

JOE. (*After a moment's thought*) Gilbert—Mr. Gilbert.

GILLY. Yes, Gilbert—Have I got a first name?

JOE. What's your own first name?

GILLY. When I was a kid they called me Dudley.

MUGGS. Mine was Lucius.

JOE. (*Smiling*) Well, Dudley Gilbert and Lucius McCarthy.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Off* R.) All ready, boys. (*A pause*)

GILLY. Some voice.

MUGGS. "Boys."

JOE. Sit down, fellows. (MUGGS *goes to chair* R. *of table,* JOE *above table, and* GILLY *puts hat in easy chair, then goes* L. *of table.* BETTY *enters with dish of potatoes. As she holds the shed door open the sound of chicken frying outside is heard.* GILLY *about to sit, stops and looks at her admiringly.* MUGGS *sits, his back to her.* BETTY *stops at door*) Fellows this is the kid sister, Mr. Gilbert.

GILLY. (*Recalling what* MRS. BASCOM *said, and with hand extended*) "I'm real glad to see you."

BETTY. Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. (*Puts potatoes on* C. B.)

JOE. (MUGGS *looks at* JOE, *then rises*) Oh! And Mr. McCarthy——

BETTY. Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. (*She takes plates, knives, forks, etc., from cupboard, for* MUGGS *and* GILLY.

MUGGS. So am I. (*Offering her his seat*) You take this chair.

BETTY. Oh, no, thank you. Maw an' me have had supper. (*Places plate for* MUGGS, *then crosses and does same for* GILLY. *Gets the dish of potatoes from cupboard and crosses to* L. *of* JOE)

(MRS. BASCOM *enters with platter of broiled chicken.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Goes to* R. *of* JOE) Sit right down, boys—Land sakes, I'm calling you "boys."

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *sit.*)

JOE. That's all right, mother. They don't mind.

GILLY. Oh, no, ma'am.

MUGGS. (*Looking at* BETTY) We—we—like it.

(BETTY *stands above table on* JOE'S L., *holding dish*

of potatoes. MRS. BASCOM *on* JOE'S R., JOE *starts to take dish of chicken from his mother.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Still holding the platter*) You ain't asked the blessing, Joey, dear.

JOE. Oh!

(MRS. BASCOM *and* BETTY *close their eyes,* JOE *glances at* MUGGS *and* GILLY, *then bows his head. They look at him surprised. He secretly motions them to do the same. They bow their heads.* JOE *mumbles a blessing that ends with an audible "Amen."* GILLY *still keeps head bowed. They look at him and* MUGGS, *reaching under table, kicks him.* GILLY *quickly straightens up. On "Amen"* BETTY *comes round to* MUGGS *and helps him to potatoes, then turns back to* GILLY *and does the same. Then helps* JOE *to potatoes.* JOE *helps them to chicken.* MRS. BASCOM *gets large pitcher of milk and glass from table at window.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*To* MUGGS) Wouldn't you boys like a nice glass of milk?

MUGGS. Well, I ain't never used it much.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Filling glass and offering it to him*) Well, you try that.

MUGGS. (MUGGS *does so gingerly looking at* GILLY *in surprise*) Gee, that's bully! (*Looking at* MRS. BASCOM) Ain't there nothin' in it but milk?

MRS. BASCOM. Phoebe gives real good milk.

MUGGS. Phoebe?

MRS. BASCOM. Yes, she's a Jersey. (MUGGS *drinks*) Pass Mr. McCarthy the bread, Betty. (*Takes glass from table at window and then goes to* GILLY) You'll have a glass of milk, Mr. Gilbert?

(BETTY *goes to cupboard and gets jar of jam.*)

GILLY. Have you got plenty?

MRS. BASCOM. Land sakes, yes. (*Filling glass for* GILLY, *then puts pitcher on table at window, empties and hangs up wash basin*)

BETTY. (*Comes above* MUGGS—*shyly to him*) Will you try some of Maw's preserves? (*Offering him jar, after taking out the spoon, which she later hands to* GILLY *as she crosses to* L. C.)

MUGGS. (*Takes preserves and gets spoon from holder*) Is that what we smelled? (*Puts a spoonful on plate*)

BETTY. I guess so, Maw's been cookin' it to-day.

MUGGS. (*Tasting it*) Say, that's too good to eat. It ought to be set in a pin.

(BETTY *laughs, crosses to* L. C. GILLY *reaches over and takes jar of jam and helps himself liberally with spoon* BETTY *hands him.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (R. *of* JOE) Have you got everything, Joey dear?

JOE. Everything, Mother (*His arm around her*) and it's bully too. I've been thinkin' I might get my friends to change their minds and stay overnight.

MRS. BASCOM. (R. *of* JOE) Won't that be lovely! (*To* MUGGS *and* GILLY) I do wish you would.

JOE. Have you got a place for them?

MRS. BASCOM. Why, yes, Uncle George's room, —if they don't mind sleeping together.

(GILLY *and* MUGGS *look at each other.*)

MUGGS. Oh, no, mum. We don't mind.

MRS. BASCOM. It's a nice wide bed—Uncle George died in it. (*Arranges cloths on hanger*)

MUGGS. Well, Uncle George'll have nothin' on me.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Goes to hat-rack*) Now the boys'll want to talk, Betty, an' we must get ready for meetin'.

(BETTY *starts for door* L.)

MUGGS. (*Rises,* GILLY *does the same, but does not turn around*) Good-even', Miss Bascom—and —thank you——

BETTY. (*Smiling at him*) You're welcome, I'm sure. (*She exits door* L., *up-stairs*)

(MUGGS *sits again at table,* GILLY *does the same.* MRS. BASCOM *gets hat and wrap from hat-rack, and shawl from easy chair, is about to follow* BETTY *out but stops and comes back to* JOE.)

MRS. BASCOM. (L. *of* JOE) Joey, dear, can't you come to meetin' with us? It would be so nice on your first night home.

JOE. Why, of course.

MRS. BASCOM. Perhaps you boys would like to come too?

GILLY. Where is it at,—in a church?

MRS. BASCOM. No, it's in the Chapel.

GILLY. Oh!

MUGGS. We'll take a chance if you want us to—won't we—Gilbert?

GILLY. Sure.

MRS. BASCOM. Oh, that's lovely. (*Goes to door* L.) Now, call me, Joey, if you want anythin'.

JOE. All right, mother.

(MRS. BASCOM *turns and looks at them with a happy smile, she exits* D. L.)

MUGGS. I've had some swell dreams in my life—but nothin' like this! (*They all eat thoughtfully*) What about havin' us guys in de church, kid?

JOE. It's all right, I guess. It would make an awful hit with her. What do you think, Gilly?

GILLY. Go to church?—Why I'd go to hell for that old lady—she—she—No wonder you was

worryin' all last year. I never seen no one like her.

MUGGS. (*Deep in thought, looking front*) Betty! (JOE *and* GILLY *look at him.* MUGGS, *suddenly "coming to"*) Betty—that's the sister's first name, ain't it kid?

JOE. Yes, that's it.

MUGGS. I was tryin' to remember it. (*Eats*) Suppose the gang could see us now—wid our milk an' jam.

GILLY. I didn't know there was such chuck in the world.

MUGGS. Us lookin' fer a bum hand-out and fallin' up against this Tiffany food.

GILLY. And how can everything be so clean? (*About to drink from glass when he notices it is empty. Rises, goes and fills glass from pitcher on table at window*)

JOE. It's quite a farm. Got a big peach orchard on it—Finest fruit in the State. (*Gilly sits again,* L. *of table*)

MUGG. And you're goin' to stay here an' run it?

JOE. I was—but I don't know now. My mother and the kid was figurin' they'd got to get out just before I come. (MUGGS *and* GILLY *look at each other*) I got to dig up some coin somewhere, right away.

MUGGS. What's the matter?

JOE. Well, my mother owes a bill to the village Shylock, see? And before I am wise as to how she stands I make her think I'm loaded down with coin and can settle everything up for her. Then I find out this guy has got it all framed to take this farm—I don't know exactly how, but I know him, and it's a pipe he's doped out some way he can do it by law.

GILLY. How much you got to get?

JOE. The bill my mother thinks I'm goin' to pay to-night is a hundred and a quarter.

MUGGS. (*Rising quickly, gets hat from hat-rack*) When's the next train for the Bronx?

JOE. No, nothin' doin', Muggs.

MUGGS. (*Comes back* R. *of table*) You needn't be in on this at all. Gilly an' me'll have a roll for you as soon as we can get there an' back.

GILLY. (*Rising*) Sure. I'd commit murder for that old lady.

JOE. Sit down. Sit down both of you. (MUGGS *and* GILLY *sit*) I know you'd both go through for me but I wouldn't let you. I'm goin' to talk with this guy first an' see if I can work it out some way. It's no cinch goin' to him because we love each other like a couple of rattlesnakes. I ran away from home on his account.

MUGGS. How was that?

JOE. (*Hesitating*) Well I—I used to like his daughter. (*Looking front*) Now I've got to go to her old man an' beg for mercy.

MUGGS. But if he turns you down and you can't give him that hundred an' twenty-five bucks to-night, your mother will get wise that you are four-flushing, won't she?

JOE. That's what I'm afraid of.

GILLY. (*suddenly*) Is there anybody in this town got a hundred and twenty-five?

JOE. Only this guy we owe it to—he's got a barrel of it.

GILLY. Where does he keep his barrel?

MUGGS. Say, listen here, Joe I could take it out of his shoe and he'd never feel it.

GILLY. Aw, what'er you talkin' about—them rubes don't never carry a roll—they bury it.

JOE. I wouldn't stand for anything like that—and if I would you could never get near any of Tillinger's coin.

MUGGS. If he keeps any of it in this town, Gilly could—(*Indicating* GILLY) Why that guy taught Houdini all he knows.

GILLY. Tillinger, is that his moniker?

JOE. Yes, Deacon Tillinger.

MUGGS. What is he—a farmer?

JOE. No,—he's got a big store—groceries—(GILLY *looks front*) and most everythin' else. (*Rises, gets hat from hat-rack*) I've got to go an' see him now and try to keep him away from here. I'd better go and tell my mother I'm going out for a walk. I'll be back in a few minutes. (*Exits out door* L.)

MUGGS. (*rising*) We got to help the kid out some way, Gilly.

GILLY. How yer goin' to help him if he won't stand fer it?

MUGGS. Dig up a roll an' tell him we borrowed it.

GILLY. (*Rising*) We might take a look at this guy Tillinger's dump.

(BETTY *enters from upstairs door* L. *She has changed her dress and now wears a very simple street costume, her best.*)

BETTY. Excuse me, but I saw a friend of mine comin'. (*She goes up to door of porch.* MUGGS *crosses to* L. *She opens door*) Come in, Jessie.

JESSIE. (*Outside*) Hello, Betty. Elsie just told me your brother was back. My—it must have been a—(*She enters, sees* MUGGS *and* GILLY. BETTY *is very important and self conscious*)

BETTY. This is Miss Strong, Mr. McCarthy.

MUGGS. (*Bowing*) Tickled to death.

(JESSIE *comes down* L. C. *bows, then looks at* GILLY.)

BETTY. (L. *of* JESSIE) And Mr.—Mr.—I'm awfully sorry but I've forgotten your name.

GILLY. Why my name is—tell her what it is, will yer?

MUGGS. (*Trying to think*) Sure, I'll tell her what yer name is. It's—Oh—tell her yourself. You ain't afraid to tell her your name, are you?

BETTY. Oh, yes, I remember—Mr. Gilbert.

GILLY. That's it—Gilbert.

MUGGS. You see I just made him a bet you wouldn't remember it, so we didn't want to tell you till you'd had a chance to think.

BETTY. Mr. Gilbert—Miss Strong. (*She puts cruet and sugar bowl on* C. B. *and gets dish pan and starts clearing the table, picking up the dishes, putting them into the pan. Leaves a cup and saucer for* GILLY)

JESSIE. How do you do?

GILLY. He—he!

BETTY. Friends of Joe's from New York.

JESSIE. (*Going* L.) Indeed.

GILLY. Yes, just passing through.

MUGGS. (*Goes to* BETTY *back of table*) Let me help you with them things.

BETTY. Oh, no, thank you, don't trouble yourself.

MUGGS. (*Helps* BETTY *clear the table*) Oh, please. No trouble at all.

JESSIE. Did you and Mr. McCarthy come with Mr. Bascom?

GILLY. (*Crosses to* JESSIE) Not with him exactly—sort of after him.

JESSIE. Haven't you been here before?

GILLY. No, Ma'am, not before this.

JESSIE. What do you think about our village?

GILLY. Why——

MUGGS. (*Helping* GILLY *out*) It's aces. We're thinkin' of wrappin' it up an' takin' it back to New York with us. (*Puts dish pan in sink, then he and* BETTY *finish clearing the table, putting bread, chicken, etc., on table at window, then goes* L. *of* C. T.)

(*The girls laugh politely.*)

JESSIE. (*Going to table at* C.) Can't I help?

GILLY. Lets me an' you carry over this cup.

(*They take cup up to table at window*)

BETTY. (*Taking off white table cloth, goes to door, shakes it and folds it, then puts it in drawer of table*) Oh, Jessie, Elsie Tillinger wants us to stop by for her.

(JESSIE *crosses to* C. B.)

MUGGS. That's the name of the man that owns the grocery store, ain't it?

(GILLY, *on hearing the grocery store mentioned, becomes interested and comes* R. *of table.*)

JESSIE. Yes.

MUGGS. (*Looks at* GILLY *significantly, is* L. *of table*) You see—me and Mr. Gilbert are thinkin' about openin' a grocery store ourselves.

JESSIE. Are you?

GILLY. (*Smiling at* JESSIE) Oh, yes.

JESSIE. Tillinger's a big store—that is for such a little place.

MUGGS. I'd like to see it sometime, to see how business is around here.

JESSIE. (*Going to window*) You could find Deacon Tillinger there now if you wanted to see him—the light's still on in the store.

(GILLY *goes up* R. *of* JESSIE *to window.* MUGGS *goes up* L. *of table to window.* BETTY *has put white cloth in drawer, takes vase of flowers from shelf on wall* L. *and places it on center-table.*)

GILLY. (R. *of* JESSIE) Which light?

JESSIE. The big one, just between those two little ones.

BETTY. (*In front of table*) It's an old store—but it's a real nice one.

GILLY. (*Coming* R. C.) How does it look inside?

BETTY. Well, in the front part they've got counters on each side and down the center. One side is all groceries and the other side is drygoods, and in the middle is——

MUGGS. (*Standing* R. *of* BETTY) Barrels of flour, molasses and potatoes.

BETTY. Oh, no—they keep all the barrels in the cellar.

GILLY. (*Standing* R. *of* MUGGS) How do they get 'em in there?

BETTY. Why, they let them down the cellar steps.

MUGGS. (*To* BETTY) Oh, they got cellar steps? Don't they interfere with the show windows?

BETTY. Why the cellar steps ain't in the front of the store—they're around in the back, under the office.

MUGGS. Oh, I see. (*To* GILLY) The office is in the back of the store. (GILLY *smiles at* JESSIE. *To* BETTY) We was goin' to have our office in the front. (*To* GILLY) I'm always tellin' you the back of the store is the best place for an office.

GILLY. Well, we can't get such good light there.

JESSIE. (*Standing* R. *of* GILLY) There's plenty of light in Deacon Tillinger's office. There's a big window right by the desk.

GILLY. By *his* desk?

JESSIE. No, the book-keeper's desk. The Deacon's desk is over in the other corner near the safe.

MUGGS. (*To* GILLY) Of course, that's the place for it—right by the safe. (*To* JESSIE) The store's been here for some time, eh?

JESSIE. Oh, yes, the Deacon's father had it before he did.

MUGGS. (*Crossing to front of table*) I like old stores and old desks and old safes.

BETTY. (*Going up to window*) Look! They've closed up, the light's just gone out.

(GILLY *smiles at* JESSIE *and goes towards* MUGGS. MUGGS *and* GILLY *look at each other.*)

MUGGS. Ain't it time you was takin' your exercise, Mr. Gilbert?

GILLY. (*Crossing, takes hat from easychair, then goes up to* D. *of porch*) Sure. I think I'll go out and take a little walk.

MUGGS. (*Crossing to* C. B.) Mr. Gilbert's doctor always makes him take a walk after eatin'.

JESSIE. (*Crossing to front of table*) Good-night, Mr. Gilbert.

GILLY. (*Opens door*) Good-night!

BETTY. (*Back of table*) You're comin' back, aren't you?

GILLY. (*To* BETTY) Oh, yes. (*To* JESSIE) It won't take me long. (*Exits to porch*)

BETTY. (*To* JESSIE) Oh, Deacon Tillinger said he was comin' over here on business.

JESSIE. (*Going up to porch door*) Oh, dear, then we'd better go over to Elsie's.

BETTY. (*Rather hurriedly*) Yes, let's. Won't you come along, Mr. McCarthy?

MUGGS. How far is it?

BETTY. Just down the road a piece.

MUGGS. Well, I'll walk down with yer but I can't go in. I got some business with—with Mr. Bascom.

JESSIE. (*Has opened door and is standing on porch*) Come along. (*Exits*)

(BETTY *goes to door.* MUGGS *starts to go out door, then steps back and bows to* BETTY.)

MUGGS. After you.

BETTY. (*Smiling at him*) Thank you. (*She exits*)

(MUGGS *delighted at her smile, glances around front a moment, then puts hat jauntily on one side*

of his head, arranges coat and tie, and exits, closing door. JOE *enters from* L.)

JOE. Betty! (*He goes to woodshed door and looks in, then goes to window and looks out. Evidently sees someone coming. Comes down* R. *of table* C., *puts hat on table*) Tillinger—(*Turns toward porch door. Puts hands in pockets and stands waiting determined. Pause. The door opens and* TILLINGER *enters. He stops and looks at* JOE *in great surprise. His face falls, his manner changes*)

TILLINGER. (*After eyeing* JOE *sharply*) You're back, are you?

JOE. (*With attempt to be pleasant*) Yes, sir—won't you sit down, Mr. Tillinger.

TILLINGER. (*Without moving*) I'm here to see your mother.

JOE. But I'd like to talk to you first, please.

TILLINGER. They ain't nothin' I want to say to you.

JOE. I suppose not—but I know what you've come for and my mother wants me to attend to it for her.

TILLINGER. Oh!

JOE. She's told me how good you've been to her, Mr. Tillinger.

TILLINGER. (*More tolerantly*) She has, eh?

JOE. Oh, yes. I was just going over to see you—but you got here first. Won't you sit down, Mr. Tillinger? (*After another look at* JOE *he goes and sits slowly at* L. *of table*)

TILLINGER. (*Pauses and eyes* JOE *shrewdly*) Then you understand our agreement, do you?

JOE. (*Very pleasantly*) Well, I'd like to hear it from you—to make sure I got it straight. (JOE *smiles at him*)

TILLINGER. This farm's too much for her—needs a lot of tending to—and money to keep it going, an' she's been gettin' further an' further behind right

along. I've worried about her quite a bit. Now she can manage first rate in a small place—what with doing odd jobs around an' finding a place for Betty to work—an' perhaps you helpin' out again like you used to.

JOE. I see.

TILLINGER. Well, I'm givin' your Maw the Jones place and five hundred dollars for her equity—that's the agreement—(*Rises, glances at* JOE, *who is still smiling, then takes large envelope from inside pocket, removes rubber band and takes out papers one at a time, speaking as he does so*) Here's a receipt to date for your Maw's bill. Here's my cheque to make up the five hundred, and here's a deed to the Jones property, all free and clear, and this is the deed for your Maw to sign. (*Hands the deed to* JOE, *picks up the other papers and puts them in his envelope, leaving the receipt on the table*)

JOE. Mr. Tillinger, we'd rather hold onto this place a while longer.

TILLINGER. What? (*Takes deed from* JOE. JOE *still smiles at him*) It's too late for that now.

JOE. Why is it too late?

TILLINGER. (*Hard mean tone*) Because the bargain's all been made and agreed to and only this afternoon I arranged to turn this place over to—to a party from New York.

JOE. (*Struggling to be pleasant*) But how could you do that? My mother hasn't signed anything yet, has she?

TILLINGER. Oh, so that's it—you think you can hold me up?

JOE. Not at all—I——

TILLINGER. Well, you'll find you can't—The terms has all been settled and your mother's took one hundred and twenty-five dollars to bind the bargain.

JOE. What! Oh, you mean your bill?

TILLINGER. Yes, I charged it off and here's the receipt.

JOE. Suppose I pay it? (*Putting hand in pocket*)

TILLINGER. (*Eyeing him*) Can yer pay it?

JOE. I say suppose—(*Laughing*)

TILLINGER. No supposin' about it. I say. can yer? I know yer can't. Then there's the taxes past due and the interest—over six hundred dollars it amounts to.

JOE. We got the peach crop.

TILLINGER. You try to sell it. Peaches ain't worth counterfeit money this year.

JOE. (*Trying desperately to keep his temper*) But listen, Mr. Tillinger—you made this bargain to do my mother a favor, because she and Betty were alone here—I'm back now and I want to stay and look out for them and try my hand at running the place.

TILLINGER. You run it! I know you—you can't run nothin'—an' your Maw'd be a good sight better off without you than with you.

JOE. Perhaps that ain't a bad guess, but just the same I am goin' to try it.

TILLINGER. No you ain't—this farm is mine and I don't want to multiply words with you.

JOE. (*Going close to him*) Well, get this anyhow—you're a dirty crook (MUGGS *enters from porch door*) and you're tryin' to rob my mother of this farm. But you ain't never goin' to get away with it—I'll see you in hell first.

(TILLINGER *backs away from* JOE *to* L. *of table.*)

TILLINGER. You young——

(MUGGS *closes door loudly.*)

JOE. Come in, Mr. McCarthy. (MUGGS *comes down* L. C. JOE *sudden thought*) Were you able

to see the peaches in the moonlight? (*Signals to* MUGGS)

MUGGS. (*Surprised, looks front then back at* JOE) Sure.

JOE. Ever see anything like 'em?

MUGGS. (*Looking from* TILLINGER *to* JOE) They're aces, kid—they're aces.

JOE. Well, my offer goes—you can have the whole crop on the trees, just as they are now, for eight hundred dollars.

MUGGS. (*Looks front, then back to* JOE) Eight hundred?

JOE. Eight hundred.

MUGGS. (*Thinks*) You're on!

JOE. Can you give me a check in the morning?

MUGGS. Sure! Give it to you any time.

(GILLY *enters porch door, comes down* L. C. *to* MUGGS *and shows him the roll he has taken from* TILLINGER'S *safe.* MUGGS *motions him to go around back and give it to* JOE. JOE *is* R. *of table* C., TILLINGER L. *and* MUGGS L. C.)

TILLINGER. If you're sayin' this fer me, I'll tell you it don't fool me at all. I made this bargain fair an' square and this receipt binds it—and if you think you can fight me—you'll find your answer in court.

GILLY. (*Holding out hand to* JOE) How are you, Mr. Bascom? Glad to see you again.

JOE. How'd do, Mr. Gilbert? Your partner has just—(GILLY *shakes hands effusively with* JOE. JOE *stops speaking, gives a look of great surprise as they shake hands.* GILLY *has given him the one hundred and twenty-five dollars*) Won't you sit down, Mr. Gilbert?

GILLY. Sure! (*Sits* R. *of table*)

(JOE *turns down* R. *and counts roll of bills* GILLY *has left in his hands then suddenly looks front.* GILLY *looks at* TILLINGER *and smiles.*)

TILLINGER. Ugh! (*He starts toward porch door angrily*)

JOE. (*Goes to* C. *of table*) Wait a minute. I want these gentlemen for witnesses. This man is tryin' to rob my mother of her farm an' he is goin' to try a flim-flam about some money she owes him to do it. (*He takes the receipt from the table*) He has just presented this bill and I want you fellows to be able to testify that I offered to pay it. (*He takes out roll of bills which he puts in his pocket, counts them—two fifties, a twenty and a five. Puts roll on table and picks up receipt*) I've got the receipt and there's your money.

(TILLINGER *looks at money in great surprise, turns as if to go out—thinks—changes his mind, comes back to table, picks up money, counts it—puts it in his vest pocket. Backing up to* D.)

MUGGS. (*Going up to him*) Now you blow—see!

(*The church bell begins ringing and continues until end of act.*)

TILLINGER. What's that?

MUGGS. Blow! Get out o' here, or I'll bust you in the snoot.

TILLINGER. Don't you talk to me like that, I'll have the law on you.

MUGGS. Mr. Gilbert, will you kindly open the door.

(GILLY *crosses below* MUGGS *and* TILLINGER *and opens porch door.* MUGGS *suddenly grabs* TILLINGER *and pushes him out.* MUGGS *goes out with him, is heard throwing him off the porch, both talking ad. lib. The church bell be-porch, both talking ad lib.* GILLY *closes door.*)

JOE. (*Crossing to* GILLY L. C.) Gilly, where did you get that roll? Where did you dig it up?

GILLY. That guy's got his own money. I copped it out of his safe.

(MUGGS *re-enters, arranging his coat.*)

JOE. Good Lord! How much did you take?

GILLY. There was a big roll there but I only took a hundred and twenty-five.

JOE. (*Sitting* L. *of table*) Oh, Lord! They'll find it missing in the morning.

MUGGS. No they won't. After church Gilly can put it back just as easy as he got it.

JOE. What?

MUGGS. What do you suppose I rough-housed him for? Here's your dough, kid. (*Shows money to* JOE *then hands roll to* GILLY)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Enters* L.) Ready boys?

(JOE *rises, goes to front of table.* GILLY *to* L. *of* T. MUGGS *back of* T. JESSIE *and* BETTY *enter from porch.* MUGGS *signals* GILLY *to go with* JESSIE. JESSIE *and* GILLY *exit through porch door.* MUGGS *and* BETTY *follow them, smiling and chatting.* MRS. BASCOM *goes to* JOE, *sees receipt on table and takes it up, looks up into* JOE'S *face, smiles.* JOE, *ashamed of the thought of how the bill was paid, takes her arm. She nestles close to him—they follow the others out. The church bell is still ringing.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE:—*The* BASCOM'S *back yard.*

TIME:—10 *a. m. the following day.*

At R. *is the kitchen door of the farm house, with a small portico over; above the door is a window; under the window—cellar steps. A path supposedly running from the road, is shown below the house. There is another entrance above the house.*

On the L. *side the beginning of the peach orchard is seen. A number of peach trees filled with fruit, arranged as if the orchard ran off to the* L.

At C. *is an old well, with curb around it.*

The back drop shows a farming country, with the Hudson River in the distance.

Up R. C., *apparently ¼ mile from the house, is seen a small hill on which stands several maple trees.*

AT RISE:—*The stage is empty. When the curtain is well up* MRS. BASCOM *enters from kitchen door, she is evidently looking for something, searches along house, by the door sill and down cellar steps.* BETTY *enters from above the house. She watches* MRS. BASCOM *for a moment before* MRS. BASCOM *is aware of her presence. Finally* MRS. BASCOM *looks up and discovers* BETTY. BETTY *looks at her anxiously;* MRS. BASCOM *smiles reassuringly.*

BETTY. (*At* R. U. E.) You ain't found it, have you Maw?

MRS. BASCOM. No, not a sign of it. (*She looks off side of house*)

BETTY. Well, I've looked all along from our porch clear to Deacon Tillinger's front door! (*She indicates path below the house*) Hunted on one side of the road goin' over, and the other side comin' back.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Crosses to* L. *of well*) Well, it ain't in the kitchen, that's certain, and the Deacon says that's the only room he was in. Well, it's gone and 'tain't no use looking any more.

(BETTY *gets basket of filled preserve jars standing near door; a little bundle of labels and saucer of water with small sponge; she carries them to the well.* MRS. BASCOM *continues search.* BETTY *suddenly looks up at her.*)

BETTY. Ma! I'm glad he lost the money. (*Putting basket on well curb and sits.* MRS. BASCOM *turns with surprise.* BETTY *puts saucer and labels on well*) I don't care, I am. I hate him, Ma, I just hate him.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Goes to her*) Why, Betty!

BETTY. I heard what he said to you when he was here this mornin'. He was too mean for anythin'. (*Turns front*) The idea of saying this place was his.

MRS. BASCOM. But it is, Betty. (BETTY *turns to mother*) I agreed to sell it to him.

BETTY. Why, Ma, Joe told us last night it was all right as long as you hadn't signed any papers.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Shaking her head*) I gave the Deacon my word, Betty—(BETTY *turns front*) but he doesn't *want* to take the place—(BETTY *looks at her*) only before Joe came home the Deacon sold the orchard to some man in New York, but he's sent for the man to come here to see me, an' he is goin' to ask him not to take it. (*Looks under trees* L. U.)

BETTY. (*Commences work. Takes out* 1*st jar.*

Then she bursts out again) But I can't forget the way he acted about losing the money Joe paid him—He almost accused the boys of robbing him. (MRS. BASCOM *looks at her*) And he said he didn't believe they bought the peaches and he was goin' to look them up right away. (*Puts on label*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Crosses at back*) He'll be sorry that he talked so, when he thinks it over.

BETTY. (*Looking front*) It is curious to have two New York business men—(MRS. BASCOM *looks front*) out in our orchard, picking peaches.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Comes to her,* R. *of* W.) That's because Mr. Gilbert's doctor ordered him to take exercise.

BETTY. (*Suddenly remembering*) Oh, yes! Mr. Gilbert had to go out an' exercise last night right after supper—(*Putting jar in basket, takes out 2nd.* MRS. BASCOM *goes up back still hunting*) they're workin' awful hard, and they've got about all the kids in town pickin'. (*Looking at her*) Don't you like Mr. McCarthy, Ma?

MRS. BASCOM. They're both splendid boys. (*Still hunting*)

BETTY. But Mr. McCarthy's—well, he's so funny—and he's got the nicest smile! Let Deacon Tillinger look them up. I ain't afraid (*Pause*) are you?

MRS. BASCOM. (*Goes to* BETTY) Now Betty—do stop worryin'! Just think, Joe's home! Deacon Tillinger's bill's paid—The peach crop's sold—and we're all well! Why we ought to be so busy bein' happy—there ain't time for anythin' else—Except the house work—(*She goes busily to kitchen door*)

BETTY. (*Putting on label*) I *am* happy, Ma! I'm always happy after you talk to me.

(MRS. BASCOM *smiles at her and exits.* JESSIE *enters above house. She has a child's wagon, which she pushes to entrance below house. She*

is dressed prettily and shows she has done everything possible to look her best.)

JESSIE. (*As she sees* BETTY) Hello!

BETTY. (*Looking up*) Oh, hello, Jessie!

JESSIE. (*Pushes wagon to entrance*) Company gone?

BETTY. (*Looking at her and smiling*) No, they're in the orchard.

JESSIE. (*Goes to* BETTY, *snickers*) Everybody's wonderin' why in the world they bought the peach crop——

BETTY. Well, I guess everybody'll find out soon enough. Did you bring the wagon so that you could help them?

JESSIE. Ma sent me over to see if they'd sell her two baskets.

(BETTY *puts 2nd jar in basket, takes out 3rd.* MUGGS *heard off* L. *singing, "Shall we gather at the River?" the lumty te-tumty te-lum te-tum te-River"—"Shall we—— He enters, pushing wheel-barrow filled with baskets of peaches. Stops singing as he sees the girls, puts down wheel-barrow, takes off his hat.*)

JESSIE. (*Coquettishly*) Good-mornin'.

(BETTY *puts label on 3rd jar.*)

MUGGS. Is it morning yet? (*Going to cellar with wheel-barrow*) Seems as if I'd been up a week! (*Throws hat in basket at cellar*)

BETTY. Jessie wants to buy some peaches.

MUGGS. (*Front of* W. B.) Sure!

BETTY. I guess she'd rather see Mr. Gilbert about it.

JESSIE. (*Laughing—starting towards* L.) He's in the orchard, ain't he?

MUGGS. Oh, he's there all right—just fell out of a tree——

(JESSIE *stops suddenly, groans.*)

BETTY. Goodness!

MUGGS. Landed plumb on his bean.

JESSIE. Was he hurt?

MUGGS. Well, he's shook up a little.

JESSIE. I'll go and see how he is. (*She exits* L. U., *running*)

BETTY. He ain't hurt bad, is he?

MUGGS. (*Stands* L. *of* W. B.) Oh, he'll be all right. That kind of exercise is good for him. (*Starts to unload peaches; placing them at cellar door. Takes first and second basket from* L. *of* W. B.)

BETTY. (*Laughs, then looking at the peaches*) How are you getting along with the peaches?

MUGGS. Oh, fine, (*Putting 1st basket down*) but there's a terrible lot of 'em.

BETTY. (*Put 3rd jar in basket, takes out 4th*) I hope you'll be able to sell 'em!

MUGGS. So do I. (*Second basket*)

BETTY. But you knew you could when you bought them, didn't you?

MUGGS. (*Putting 2nd basket down*) Oh, sure!

BETTY. Deacon Tillinger said no one would buy them this year. (*Puts label on 4th*)

MUGGS. (*Looks at her, is* R. *of* W. B.) Have you—have you seen the Deacon this morning? (*Takes up third basket*)

BETTY. He was here a little while ago. (*Looks at* MUGGS) Did you want to see him?

MUGGS. (*Puts third basket down*) Oh, no, I ain't particular about it!

BETTY. (*Looking at* MUGGS) He lost all the money Joe paid him last night.

MUGGS. (*Turning to her in pretended astonish-*

ment) Lost it, eh! Oh, that's too bad! (BETTY *puts 4th jar in basket takes out 5th. Trying to speak casually and going toward* BETTY) Did the Deacon see Joe?

BETTY. No, Joe hasn't come back yet.

MUGGS. Oh!

BETTY. He went out before daylight.

MUGGS. Yes?

BETTY. Ma said he hired Mr. Tuttle's wagon.

MUGGS. Yes?

BETTY. Do you know why?

MUGGS. Perhaps he went for his trunk.

BETTY. Perhaps. He didn't bring a thing with him.

MUGGS. We didn't either. (BETTY *puts label on 5th jar*) Those—you know—those things we found on the bed last night, Gee, they were immense!

BETTY. (*Laughing*) They were two of Uncle George's night gowns. (*Puts 5th jar in basket takes out 6th.* MUGGS *taking last peach basket from wheel barrow, begins singing "Shall we gather at the River."* BETTY *putting label on 6th*) We sang that at meetin' last night.

MUGGS. Yeh!—It's a new one on me—(*Places* W. B. *near* BETTY) I know "The Swanee River" and "On the Banks of the Wabash." (BETTY *puts 6th jar in basket also labels saucer, etc.*) I like river songs. (*Sits in* W. B.) Your mother knows all them prayers and songs by heart, don't she?

BETTY. Oh, yes. (*Looking at* MUGGS) They mean everything to her. Why, whenever she's worried she just reads the Bible awhile—and then all her trouble goes and she's happy again.

MUGGS. You don't say!

BETTY. Yes, because she says it makes her believe.

MUGGS. Makes her believe?

BETTY. Believe everythin' is goin' to be all right, and then it is.

MUGGS. (*Impressed*) What d'ye think of that?

BETTY. Why all the time Joe was away, somehow she knew he was comin' back—even when everybody else thought he was dead—and last night he walked in just while she was prayin' for him to come.

MUGGS. (*Looking at her*) No!

BETTY. Honest!

MUGGS. (*Somewhat awed*) That's some system, if it works.

BETTY. It always does with her.

MUGGS. Can you believe things that way?

BETTY. I try to—but I ain't so good at it as Ma is. Have you ever tried it?

MUGGS. (*Rising, shaking his head*) I ain't never heard of it—(*Then earnestly and in a low tone, going closer to her*) But it sounds great the way you tell it.

(*They have stopped work and are looking earnestly at each other.* JESSIE *and* GILLY *enter from orchard. Talking as they enter.*)

JESSIE. If I was you I'd see a doctor about it.

GILLY. Oh, it ain't bad enough for that. (*During the above* MUGGS *starts to exit with wheel-barrow—going back of well where he leaves the wheel-barrow.* BETTY *rises, takes basket of jars, labels, etc., exits to kitchen.* GILLY *suddenly aware that they have reached the house*) She bought some peaches. (*Crosses to cellar door. To* JESSIE, *indicating baskets* MUGGS *has brought*) Will two of these be all right?

JESSIE. (*Crosses to him*) Yes, splendid!

MUGGS. (R. *of well*) Say! Why didn't you bring two up from the orchard?

JESSIE. (R. *of* MUGGS) Because I wouldn't let him carry them, not with his lame back.

MUGGS. Why didn't you do it with your hands? (MRS. BASCOM *enters from kitchen, with watering-pot. Crosses to* L. *of* W.) Good-morning, Jessie!

JESSIE. How de do! Mr. Gilbert fell out of a tree and hurt himself real bad, Mrs. Bascom. There's a big bump right there. (*She indicates place between* GILLY'S *shoulder blades*)

(BETTY *enters from kitchen stays on porch.* GILLY *crosses to* L. *of* JESSIE.)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Crossing to him quickly, leaving watering pot back of well*) Let me see!

GILLY. Oh, it ain't nothing, thank you, Ma'am.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Inspecting it tenderly*) Why, it's quite a bruise.

(GILLY *tries to turn his head and it hurts—he winces.* MRS. BASCOM *exits quickly into kitchen.*)

JESSIE. Will you put those two on the wagon for me, Mr. McCarthy? (*Indicating two baskets of peaches*)

MUGGS. (BETTY *places wagon for him*) Sure! (*He does so*)

GILLY. (*To* JESSIE, *smiling at her*) Say! We don't want to take this money. (*Holds out money to her, three half dollars*)

JESSIE. (*Goes to him*) Oh, yes, Ma wouldn't let me accept them for nothing.

GILLY. Aw, take some of it back, won't you?

JESSIE. No seventy-five cents a basket is cheap enough. (*Goes to wagon*)

MUGGS. Can't I take this home for you?

GILLY. (*Quickly*) I'll do that!

MUGGS. Oh, no, not with your lame back.

(MRS. BASCOM *enters from kitchen door, with small tray on which is cup of hot water, scrap of soft cloth and bottle of liniment. Goes to well.*)

JESSIE. I don't need any help, thanks.

(MUGGS *exits into orchard, pushing wheel-barrow. Singing—"Shall we gather at the River."*)

BETTY. (*To* MRS. BASCOM) I'm just going to help Jessie home with these peaches, Ma!

MRS. BASCOM. All right, dear. (*Girls exit together above house, drawing cart after them.* GILLY *follows them up* R. C.) Now you jest sit down over here, Mr. Gilbert.

GILLY. (*As he goes to well*) I—I don't want to make you no trouble, Ma'am—I'm all right.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Gently forcing* GILLY *to sit*) Oh, you'll be real lame to-morrow if it ain't attended to. (*Unbuttons collar of shirt. She bathes bruise—carefully and tenderly. As she finishes the bathing*) There!

GILLY. (*Looking up at her*) Thank you, Ma'am —(*Starts to rise and button his shirt,* MRS. BASCOM *puts hand on his shoulder*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Cheerily*) Oh, I ain't started yet! (*She opens bottle of liniment—pours some into palm of her hand.* GILLY *watches her.* MRS. BASCOM *smiles at him and he smiles sheepishly*) Now—this may smart a little——

GILLY. Oh—I don't care about that. It's makin' you all this trouble I don't like.

MRS. BASCOM. Why, bless you, it ain't a bit of trouble. (*Pause as* MRS. BASCOM *works. Applying liniment and rubbing it in skillfully*) That ain't bad, is it?

GILLY. No, Ma'am.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Starts rubbing his neck.* GILLY *looking front*) It would be a shame for you to get hurt while you and Mr. McCarthy are doing so much for us——

GILLY. I—I wish I could do somethin'.

MRS. BASCOM. Land sakes!—Don't you call it somethin' to buy the peach crop—when we didn't think it would bring a penny? Why, Betty and

me hardly knew which way to turn before Joe came home—(*Comes* R. *of* GILLY—*Rubs neck with* L. *hand*) and then to have you boys come along and buy the peaches. (GILLY *looks down ashamed*) Well, as I said to Betty, it was the Lord himself that sent you here.

GILLY. (*Thinks over what she has said, looks front*) I guess He ain't never sent us nowhere.

MRS. BASCOM. Oh, yes, he has—(*Stops work. Smiling as he is looking at her.* GILLY *slowly looks up at her, realizes it's useless to contradict her*) He sends you every where you go. (GILLY *looks front.* MRS. BASCOM *buttons his shirt collar*) There! Now I guess you'll feel different. (*Picks up tray, etc.*)

GILLY. (*Rising*) I feel different now than I ever did before. I—(*Looking at her*) I ain't used to havin' nobody take care of me much.

MRS. BASCOM. Oh, nonsense—If you was home your Maw'd do the same thing.

GILLY. (*Shaking his head*) No, Ma'am—I—I ain't got no—family. (*Turns front*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Sympathetically*) Oh! (*Then brightly. Hand on his shoulder*) Well, she's watchin' and lovin' you just the same as if she was here. (GILLY *looks at her hand on his shoulder, then turns to her.* MRS. BASCOM *suddenly kissing him on the forehead*) There!—that's for your Maw. (*Crosses to kitchen door*) Now I must see about dinner. (MUGGS *enters with another load of peaches, comes around back of well to steps of porch*) Mr. McCarthy, you'll see that Mr. Gilbert don't do any heavy lifting to-day, won't you?

MUGGS. (R. C.) Yas, Ma'am. (*Leaves* W. B. *at steps.* MRS. BASCOM *smiles at them and exits into house.* GILLY *stands motionless—lost in thought. Goes to* GILLY) Say what's the matter?

GILLY. (*Very earnestly*) I got to get out of here, Muggs. I can't lie to that old lady. There's

something all wrong with me. I'm off my nut I guess——

MUGGS. I know what you mean. I got it too.

GILLY. What!

MUGGS. Say, when I woke up this mornin' I couldn't think of nothin' but wishin' I was on the level, and the more I get sore at myself for wishin', the more I wishes it.

GILLY. That's me too—(*Pause*) I wonder if we're goin' to die. I heard that's the only time you feel that way——

MUGGS. We got no time to think of dying. We got to get back to the orchard—and keep up the bluff that we're busy.

GILLY. Gee—I hope Joe can sell the peaches.

MUGGS. (*Going to* W. R.) He went out before daylight trying to—(*Seeing girls coming*) Sh!—(*Turns wheel-barrow up* R. C.) Well, wire him that we can't let him have more than a hundred baskets. How many did we promise to the Boston people? (*Pretends to jest, sees* BETTY *and* ELSIE. MUGGS *starts unloading peaches, placing them up* R. C. *at stone wall*) Oh! (*Putting* 1*st basket down*)

BETTY. Miss Tillinger, this is Mr. McCarthy—and Mr. Gilbert.

(*The boys bow.*)

ELSIE. How do you do?

MUGGS. How do you do——

BETTY. (*Goes on porch*) Is Joe home yet?

MUGGS. Not yet. You will excuse us, we are terrible busy. (*Takes* 2*nd basket*)

ELSIE. (*Talking to* GILLY) Your buying Mrs. Bascom's peaches has given the village quite a surprise.

MUGGS. (*Breaking in. Takes up* 3*rd basket*) No more than it did us.

ELSIE. (*Surprised*) What?

MUGGS. (*Quickly. Puts 3rd basket down*) We happen to call on Joe—and find just what we'd been lookin' for. Didn't we Dudley?

GILLY. Yes, more than we was lookin' for.

ELSIE. (*To* GILLY. MUGGS *puts 4th basket at wall*) I thought it was almost impossible to sell peaches this year.

MUGGS. Oh, no, Ma'am—not this kind. Now we got to get back in the orchard. (MUGGS *starts wheel-barrow to* L. *of* W. GILLY *turns to follow him to orchard*)

BETTY. (*Going to* R. *of* W.) But, Mr. Gilbert, you ought not to go in the orchard any more to-day.

MUGGS. (*Down* L. *of* GILLY) Oh, I'm takin' care of him. Don't let him do anythin' but sit on the grass and count baskets. Get in, Dudley! (MUGGS *help* GILLY *to* W. B., *very carefully*—GILLY *sits in wheel-barrow*) Good-morning. (MUGGS *wheels* GILLY *off to orchard. Singing, "Shall we gather at the River"*)

ELSIE. Was he hurt seriously?

BETTY. Oh, no, I don't think so. Ma was looking after him.

ELSIE. Is she in the house?

BETTY. Yes.

ELSIE. (*Going to door*) I want to ask her about what father said. Oh, Betty, if we could only find the money. (*She exits into house*)

(BETTY *starts toward orchard.* JOE *enters quickly above house, carrying several empty peach baskets and a preserve basket—leaves them at back, sees peaches.*)

BETTY. (*Turning and seeing him*) Oh, hello. (*Goes toward* JOE)

JOE. (*Indicating peaches the boys have brought in*) Hello, dear. What's all this?

BETTY. The boys are workin' in the orchard.

JOE. Oh! (*Starts for orchard*)

BETTY. (*Going to house, calling*) Joe's home, Maw. Oh, Joe! I can tell you a secret.

JOE. No time now, sis.

BETTY. (*Front of well*) It's about Elsie Tillinger. (JOE *comes gack to her quickly*) She's in love with you, and she told her father she'd never marry the other man. Ana I think it's all because you came home.

(MRS. BASCOM *enters from kitchen, carrying market basket.*)

JOE. Sh!

MRS. BASCOM. Joey, where have you been all morning?

JOE. (*Goes to her*) Doing a few errands.

MRS. BASCOM. Ain't you awful tired?

JOE. No, not a bit. Are you going out, dear?

MRS. BASCOM. I want to catch the butcher's wagon. It's just about time for him to be at Miss Martin's.

JOE. Won't he come here?

BETTY. We ain't had him for ever so long.

MRS. BASCOM. Betty!

BETTY. But we can have him come again now, can't we Joe?

JOE. You bet we can. Here's some money! (JOE *hands* MRS. BASCOM $5 *bill*)

MRS. BASCOM. Goodness, Joey—I don't need five dollars.

JOE. Yes you do—what's five dollars?

(BETTY *crosses at back to door.*)

MRS. BASCOM. We mustn't be wasteful dear—just because we've got plenty. (ELSIE *comes to door*—MRS. BASCOM *smiles at her*) Shan't be a jiffy. Time you were making the beds, Betty.

BETTY. Yes'm. (*She starts off*)

(BETTY *goes into house.* MRS. BASCOM *exits below house.*)

JOE. Good-morning! (ELSIE *goes to him, he sees her worried look*) Why, what's the matter, Elsie?

ELSIE. Joe, will you tell me what happened when father was here last night.

JOE. (*After a pause*) Hasn't *he* told you about it?

ELSIE. I couldn't reason with him at all. Joe—, these men who are here. Do you know them well?

JOE. Very well. They're my two best friends.

ELSIE. Oh, I'm so glad—I've been afraid they were getting you into trouble, serious trouble.

JOE. Why?

ELSIE. Father thinks they took the money you paid last night.

JOE. I'm going to see your father, Elsie——

ELSIE. He's gone out of town, but he said if the men were here when he came back he'd turn them over to the Sheriff.

JOE. (*Looks* L., *then back to* ELSIE) Well, if there is any trouble, it won't do to have you seen here, Elsie, why it might look as though——

ELSIE. Joe, if I can do anything to help you (*Crosses above* JOE *to well*) I don't care how it looks.

JOE. (*Forgetting everything except that he loves her*) Elsie!

ELSIE. Do you—Do you remember the last time we were here? What we said to each other?

JOE. Remember? I'll never forget it (*She smiles at him and looks away at a little knoll in the distance, up* R C.—*he follows her look*) Are—are you looking at our hill?

ELSIE. Yes. (*She nods her head, still turning away*)

JOE. Where I was going to build our house—(*Turns front*) the times I've thought of it since—and of all the plans we made——

ELSIE. (*Still looking at it*) So have I——

JOE. (*Looking front*) There's no house there.

ELSIE. (*Turning to him*) Perhaps there will be—sometime——

JOE. (*Shakes his head*) Everything has changed now.

ELSIE. I haven't changed. (*As* JOE *looks up*) I'm just the same as I was then (*Smiling*) Joe, even if I have got on a different dress.

JOE. (*Goes closer to her*) Elsie—I care more for you than I do for my life—or my soul—But there isn't a chance in the world I can ever have you—even if you were willing. You'd be throwing yourself away. Why, I'm nothing (*Turns away*) worse than nothing——

ELSIE. It doesn't make any difference to me because you say you're a failure——

JOE. It's more than that, Elsie (*Turns to her*) Why, I'm not fit even to look at a girl like you——

ELSIE. I don't believe it, and Joe I—I love you.

JOE. Listen, Elsie you've got to know this now (*Turns away*) I—I was in Sing Sing prison all last year——

ELSIE. (*In horror, sinks on curb of well*) Joe! (*She gives a little sob*)

JOE. Yes—for robbery! (ELSIE *continues to sob. A pause. He glances at her and speaks again quietly*) Did you ever know why I ran away? (*She shakes her head*) I was ordered off your place; told I'd be horsewhipped if I ever spoke to you again. (*Smites unhappily*) I thought I could make a fortune in the city and come back and get you. Well, in no time I had a job at a race-track and I was gettin' along a little—but the pool box looked so much easier than workin'—I won the first four bets I made—but after a while I'd get so excited watchin'

a close finish—I'd take a drink—that's the way it started—and that's the way it ended. I'd sober up—get a job—save a little. And then—But it wasn't long, Elsie before I realized I'd got to lose you. You was growing up to be a lady—goin' to be sent to a swell school where you'd meet fashionable people, while I was—well, horses was all I knew. Last Spring—a year ago—I had a big run of luck—I turned a five Dollar note into a roll of over Two Thousand, and I sent my mother word I was comin' home. My last day at the track, I get the biggest tip I ever had—it's a dark secret—it opens at thirty to one, and at the post it's down to five. It looks like the big chance of my life—I put my last nickel on it—I stand to win forty Thousand—(ELSIE *looks up to him*) I think of—of everything I can do with it—from what I find out about the horse, he's got to fall down to lose—and that's just what he does. I never mind losin' much before—but that one *got me.* (ELSIE *looks down*) I'm laughin' an' drinkin' with everyone I meet, but inside I'm dyin' thinking of that bank roll—that's the last I remember—There's a two-year-old named "Fire-Fly" (ELSIE *looks at him*) in one of the stables, that I'm dead in love with. They find me lying in his stall—and I've got the owner's empty pocket-book that had twenty-five hundred in it when he lost it. How or why I took it—or what became of the money, I don't knew to this day—(*Turning away*)

ELSIE. Joe—poor Joe——

JOE. Please don't give me any sympathy, Elsie—I'm not worth it——

ELSIE. (*Rises, goes to him*) But, Joe—I—I love you. (JOE *looks wonderingly at her*) And you never did anything else that was dishonest. Did you?

JOE. Yes, the thing last night was dishonest.

ELSIE. With father?

JOE. Yes—the money I gave your father came

out of his safe—he only had it a minute—it was taken away from him and put back in the safe again.

BETTY. (*Enters from house with dustpan and broom, empties dust into basket by door*) Ma ain't back yet, is she? (JOE *goes up* R. C.) My! Dinner'll be awful late. It's most noon now.

ELSIE. (*Crosses to her*) Oh, it can't be.

BETTY. I jest heard the 11:40 comin' in. (*Exits into house*)

ELSIE. They're expecting father on that train, if you could only give him the money——

JOE. That's what I wanted to do. I've been out all morning trying to raise it.

ELSIE. I've got some money—I'll lend it to you.

JOE. Elsie, I couldn't take your money.

ELSIE. (*Suddenly*) Oh, I know a way, Joe. Don't worry about father, it will be all right. (*Exit above house*)

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *enter from orchard, place wheelbarrow above well.*)

MUGGS. (*Comes* R. *of well.* GILLY *goes* L. *of it*) Gee, I'm glad you're back.

JOE. Why—what's happened?

MUGGS. Wait till I tell you—We're all ready to blow this morning, when we find out that nobody around here believes we bought the peaches, so, to make a bluff, we go out in the orchard and I hire a million kids to help pick 'em.

JOE. How much you payin' 'em?

MUGGS. Don't worry, don't worry. I'm payin' 'em in peaches.

JOE. (*Crosses to* GILLY L. C.) Tillinger started that story. He's told the whole neighborhod that you two are crooks, and he's comin' round with the big Sheriff.

GILLY. The old stiff! After me goin' to the trouble of puttin' that coin back in the safe.

MUGGS. (R. C.) What luck did *you* have?

JOE. (C.) None—I carted 20 baskets to Centerville and went to every market, fruit and grocery store in the town. Say! You can't give peaches away——

MUGGS. Did you have to bring 'em back?

JOE. No, I sold 'em from house to house, but we can never get rid of them all that way.

GILLY. Then your mother'll find out we've been lyin' to her——

JOE. Gilly, she mustn't find that out.

MUGGS. How can we help it?

JOE. Well, I've got a scheme. It's only one chance in a thousand, but it's something.

GILLY. What is it?

JOE. Listen! All the way home I'm tryin' to think of some excuse why you two bought the crop. I know we can't stall long, because the peaches will begin to spoil——

MUGGS. There ain't no way to *keep* 'em from spoilin', is there?

JOE. Yes, there is. There's one way.

GILLY. Eh?

JOE. Make jam of 'em.

MUGGS. Like we had last night?

JOE. That's the idea.

GILLY. Holy Jessie James!

JOE. I put a dozen jars of jam in the wagon and it was a pipe selling it. Got 50 cents a jar for it, too.

MUGGS. Fifty cents a jar?

JOE. I've spread the story all over the village, we've organized a peach jam Company. God knows how we can make it all, but we got to try and find some place where it can be done. Great Scott! If I could only believe it would work.

MUGGS. Say! It will if we believe it. If you believe a thing it'll come out just like you believe——

JOE. What are you talking about?——

MUGGS. Never you mind—just believe. (*Crosses to* GILLY) Go on, Gilly, believe it. (*Slaps* GILLY *on the back*)

GILLY. Oh, my back!

MUGGS. Never mind your back—believe it!

(SAM MARTIN *enters hurriedly below house. He wears light checked suit, straw hat, flashy flowing tie, stand up collar, tan shoes with Bull Dog toe.*)

SAM. (*Excited and out of breath*) Hello, Joe! —I just heard you was home—(MUGGS *crosses at back to* R. *of* SAM) Remember Sam Martin?

JOE. Why sure—Hello Sammy, how are you? (*Shakes hands*)

SAM. I'm all right.

MUGGS. (*Coming close to him and looking him over*) Say, kid! Where's the circus? (SAM *turns to him*) Take me along with you, will you?

SAM. I ain't goin' to no circus—and I don't know you anyway.

MUGGS. (*Putting arm around his neck*) Well, come on, let's get acquainted!

SAM. Go on an' let me alone! (*Pushes* MUGGS *away*)

JOE. Nix, Muggs.

SAM. (*To* JOE.) Say, what ails him?

JOE. He's all right, Sam—He's just a little playful but he won't bite——

SAM. Well, I ain't got no time to be playful now —I'm busy—Where's Mis' Bascom?

JOE. Gone out.

SAM. Is it true she's sold the peaches?

JOE. Yes, that's true——

SAM. Who to?

MUGGS. (R. C.) To me.

SAM. (*Looking at* MUGGS) She hain't (MRS. BASCOM *enters below house—she has brown paper parcel in basket. To* JOE) Has she?

JOE. Yes, that's right, Sam.

SAM. (*Crosses to* MRS. BASCOM, R.) How do, Mis' Bascom?

MRS. BASCOM. Why, Sammy!—How grand you look!

SAM. Yes'm—I been in New York—on business. Did you sell him your peaches? (*Points to* MUGGS)

MRS. BASCOM. Yes, he's bought the whole crop. (SAM *goes up to cellar door.* MUGGS *goes to* GILLY *at* W. B. JOE *goes to her*) Joey, do you know what they're sayin' in the village?

JOE. Yes, mother, and I want to talk to you about that.

MRS. BASCOM. Oh, well! I'm awful late with the dinner—I guess I'll have to get that first. (*Goes toward door*)

JOE. (*Holding door open*) I can tell you about it at the same time—I'll be back pretty soon, Sam.

(MRS. BASCOM *exits into house, followed by* JOE.)

SAM. *To* MUGGS) Say, what are you going to do with the peaches?

MUGGS. Eat 'em. (MUGGS *and* GILLY *unload peaches, placing them at cellar door, on the last basket taken off, there is one loose peach that* JOE *gives to* CALLAHAN)

SAM. I heard there was a syndicate that's goin' to make Mis' Bascom's jam——

MUGGS. (*2nd basket*) Do you get that! There ain't no chance to keep a secret around here.

SAM. (*Indicating* GILLY) Who's he?

MUGGS. That gentleman is my partner——

SAM. Are you two a syndicate?

MUGGS. (*3rd. Basket*) Sure, we're a syndicate.

SAM. (*Crosses to* L. C.) And you're goin' to make jam of all that peach crop?

MUGGS. (*4th basket which he places nearest steps of porch*—GILLY *moves* W. B. *to* L. *of well*) Right down to the last peach skin, kid.

SAM. Who's goin' to sell it for you?

MUGGS. (*Going to* SAM) Why? Can you sell some?

SAM. I can sell it all.

MUGGS. You can what!

(GILLY *comes down* L. *of* SAM.)

SAM. You give me the chance an' I'll show you.

MUGGS. Well, you go right ahead and sell 'em. (*Goes up* R. C.)

GILLY. Say, and hurry back with the money. (*Goes up* L. C.)

SAM. (*Taking out paper*) Say, if you mean it, how would you like to sign this?

MUGGS. (*Coming back to him*) What is it?

SAM. Oh, it's all square. I just give Mr. Stephens, the lawyer, fifty cents to write it out for me——

(GILLY *comes* L., *of* SAM.)

MUGGS. Read it! (MUGGS *and* GILLY *listen attentively*)

SAM. Know all men by these presents, that I, blank—the blank of the blank Jam Company, for the sum of One Dollar, lawful——

MUGGS. One Dollar!

SAM. Oh, that's only the way a lawyer writes it, but what it means so's folks can understand it is that you agree to give me one per cent commission on the Jam, and I guarantee to sell all you can make——

MUGGS. And you think we'd give you all that for one dollar! Say, listen! Anybody that wants to do business with this syndicate has got to put up some money—some regular money.

SAM. How much do you want me to put up?

MUGGS. How much you got?

SAM. I got most Three Hundred Dollars——

MUGGS. Kiss me! (*Opens his arms to embrace* SAM, *falls on him*)

SAM. (*Pushing him away*) Oh, stop foolin', will you an' talk business——

MUGGS. Just show me that coin.

SAM. (*Feeling in his inside pocket, takes out bank book with roll of bills in it.* MUGGS *and* GILLY *crowd close to him, he pushes them away with his elbows*) Oh, I got it all right! If I put up some money, how do I know you're goin' to make the jam?

MUGGS. I'm tellin' you.

SAM. I don't believe all I'm told—Let me put it in here. (*Referring to paper*) If you *don't* make the jam, I own the peaches, an' I'll give you Two Hundred and fifty Dollars as an advance on the first lot I sell.

MUGGS. What do you say, Mr. Gilbert?

GILLY. I say count it and see if he's got Two fifty.

MUGGS. You're on, kid—hand over the coin. (*Starts to grab it*)

SAM. (*Pulling back*) Wait a minute——

MUGGS. It's hard for you to give up, ain't it?

SAM. (*Writing*) I ain't givin' up till I get this signed. I worked four years for this money. What's your name?

MUGGS. McCarthy.

SAM. I want to write it in this blank—What's your first name?

MUGGS. (*Absent mindedly*) McCarthy.

SAM. (*Looking up*) What, your first and last name just the same?

MUGGS. It's my middle name too—McCarthy McCarthy McCarthy!

SAM. That's a hell of a name (*Offering paper*) Put it there.

MUGGS. (*Shaking hands with him*) How are you!

SAM. (*Pulling away his hand*) No—I mean your name——

MUGGS. (*Taking paper and pen*) I'll sign it in four places!—Be gettin' that Two Fifty ready, kid——

SAM. (*Counting out money*) Don't you worry. (JOE *enters from house—As* SAM *finishes counting money,* MUGGS *snatches it from him—*SAM *grabs for it, and* MUGGS *puts paper in* SAM'S *hand.* MUGGS *and* GILLY *count money carefully. Crosses to* JOE, *hands paper to him*) Say, Joe, is this all right? (JOE *looks at paper*) If it ain't I can make it hot for him—(*Comes back to* MUGGS) It would be obtaining money under false pretences.

JOE. (*Reads paper in amazement*) What the blazes is this?

SAM. I just paid 'em Two Hundred and fifty Dollars—(MUGGS *waves money at* JOE) for the right to sell their jam.

JOE. (*Crosses to* MUGGS, MUGGS *shows* JOE *the money.* JOE *turns to* SAM) Where did you get Two Hundred and fifty Dollars?

SAM. From the bank! I drew out all I had. Them fellers ain't cheatin' me, be they?

JOE. What makes you think you can sell it?

SAM. Never mind—All I want to find out is whether that paper's good.

JOE. Sure it is——

SAM. (*Grabs paper, starts off quickly*) So long!

JOE. (*Stopping him*) Here! Wait a minute! Who got you to do this?

SAM. Nobody—I done it my own self.

JOE. (*Turns* SAM *to his* L.) Oh, no you didn't. Tell me the truth now.

SAM. (*Putting away paper*) Honest, Joe—Only I found out where I could sell it!

JOE. Where's that?

SAM. Not much—If I told you you might try to beat me out of my commission!

JOE. No, Sam—No one wants to beat you. We couldn't anyhow—you've got the agreement.

SAM. That's right.

JOE. Come on, tell us, Sam.

SAM. Well, I got a man in New York that'll pay $36.00 a gross for all he can git. And that man is Henry W. Parker!

JOE. Henry W. Parker?

MUGGS. Who's he?

SAM. Who *is* he? He's the biggest wholesale grocery in the country, an' I was talkin' with him just the same as if he was anybody.

MUGGS. Sweetheart! (*Starts to embrace him.* SAM *pushes him away*)

SAM. Now you stop. Say, Joe, keep him away, can't you?

JOE. He's all right, Sam. Now sit down and tell us.

SAM. (*Sits on well, talks faster and faster as he goes on*) Well, Mr. Parker came through here with an automobile party about a month ago—they were hungry and they wan't no hotel, so they bought a lot of stuff at the grocery store—I waited on him and sold him a jar of Mis' Bascom's preserves. (*Sees* MUGGS *close to him and suddenly moves away*) A week after that the Deacon commenced to get letters from the Parker Company, and next thing I knew he was tryin' to buy this place. Then I heard him tell Mis' Tuttle to make some jam for him, an' try to have it like your Ma made, an' he sent a sample of it to the Parker Co.—I suspicioned somethin' was goin' on, and yesterday when your Ma agreed I could sell some, I says to myself—I'm goin' to see Mr. Parker. I was at his place at 6 o'clock this morning, but he didn't open up till 8. When he come he wasn't goin' to see me—but you bet I got into his office, an' I told him the whole thing. As soon as I got started he says into the telephone—"Don't let me be interrupted", he says; then he told

me the samples he got from Tillinger wasn't the same as what I sold him. Then he tasted some jam from the jar I brought direct from Mis' Bascom, and he says, " That's it—how much can you get of that?" and gosh he was excited, an' then we figured as near as we could how many jars this crop would make, (*Rising*) and he was tickled to death and he says " It'll be the biggest thing of the kind on the market."

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *grab* SAM *and "Ring around the Rosey.")*

SAM. (*Breaking away. Crosses above* JOE *to steps of house.* JOE *catches him by the arm and swings him around front to* R. *of well*) Say, Joe Let's go in the house an' get away from him.

JOE. Oh, he's all right, he won't trouble you.

MUGGS. No, my partner will keep me away. (*To* GILLY) Hold me!

GILLY. Sure.

SAM. (*Taking out another sheet of paper*) Here's how it figured out—Look! Your orchard is five acres—a hundred and thirty-five trees to the acre, countin' ten baskets to a tree and sixty peaches to the basket, makes four hundred and five Thousand peaches, or more than a Hundred Thousand jars. (SAM *gives* JOE *the paper*) Parker offered Thirty-six Dollars a gross and, takin' out Five Thousand for jars, labels, labor and everythin', leaves you over Twenty Thousand Dollars——

MUGGS. (*With arms outstretched*) Oh!

SAM. Look out, now! (*Swings at* MUGGS *who jumps back.* JOE *grabs* SAM *and* GILLY *catches* MUGGS)

JOE. Sam you're a corker—Now do something for me, quick—and I may raise that one per cent—Get the first train back to New York and find out if Mr. Parker will see me in the morning.

SAM. Will you pay my expenses?

JOE. (*Pushing* SAM *to* R.) If the jam business wins out, I'll pay 'em for the rest of your life.

SAM. The next train goes in ten minutes——

JOE. (*Pushes him* R.) Well, grab it——

SAM. But I ain't had no dinner.

JOE. Oh, forget your dinner.

SAM. (*Starts off*) But I'm gettin' awful hungry. I ain't had nothin' all day but peanuts. (*Exits running below house*)

JOE. (*Crossing between* MUGGS *and* GILLY) Boys! 20,000 a year!

MUGGS. (*Holding up two rolls of bills*) Here's 125. for the Deacon and 125. for the syndicate.

JOE. (*Takes the roll for the* DEACON *from* MUGG'S *right hand*) Just give me that—(*Crosses to* R. C.) I want to take it to Tillinger.

(CALLAHAN *appears above house. He is a man of about* 45 *years, medium sized, blunt but kindly. His manner is quiet and forceful. He is dressed in a neat business suit and wears a straw hat.*)

CALLAHAN. (*At entrance above house*) Say, can you tell me where Mr. Tillinger lives?—(*The three boys glance around.* CALLAHAN *recognizes* MUGGS *and* GILLY) Hello! (*Comes down back of well to* L. C. GILLY *crosses to* R. *of* JOE)

MUGGS. Callahan!

JOE. Who?

GILLY. (*under his breath*) A bull!

MUGGS. Nailed!

JOE. A detective?

GILLY. Sure!

CALLAHAN. (*Looking at* MUGGS *and* GILLY *in surprise*) Well, what's all this about?

MUGGS. (*Innocently, going to him*) Hello, Callahan, what's the matter?

CALLAHAN. That's what I want to know. There's

somethin' doin'—(*Crosses to* R. *of* MUGGS) or Slippery Muggs and Dynamite Gilly wouldn't be hangin' around here.

MUGGS. Soft pedals on those names, will you? We ain't doin' nothin', are we, Gilly?

GILLY. No, not a thing—on the level we ain't.

MUGGS. Just payin' a visit to Mr. Bascom here.

CALLAHAN. (*Looking suspiciously at* JOE) How do you do, Mr. Bascom?

JOE. How are you?

CALLAHAN. Do you know these men?

JOE. Yes, they're pals of mine.

CALLAHAN. Is that so? (*Looks about the place*)

MUGGS. (*To* CALLAHAN, *indicating* JOE) Now don't go mixin' him up in anythin'—he ain't in our business.

CALLAHAN. Oh, shut up! (*To* JOE) You live here?

JOE. Yes, sir.

(CALLAHAN *goes to house, examining the place.* GILLY, *as soon as* CALLAHAN'S *back is turned, crosses at back to front of well.*)

CALLAHAN. (*Speaking during the above*) Well, this looks great! You couldn't have picked out a better spot—nice little story for the Chief—this is—of course that house ain't got a bit of stolen property in it.

JOE. No, it hasn't

CALLAHAN. (R. *of* JOE) Oh, no—and so there ain't no harm in havin' a look through it. (*Starts up steps of porch*)

JOE. (*Stopping him*) Yes there is—you've got no right to go in there——

CALLAHAN. (*Breaking in*) Easy now, don't try to pull anything on me. I'm goin' to look through every inch of that shack—and if you three know what's good for you, you'll be nice—See?—Nice? (*Turns to porch*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Opens porch door*) Dinner's ready, boys—(*Sees* CALLAHAN) Oh! (*Stands smiling at him.* CALLAHAN *looks at her in great surprise—takes off hat*)

JOE. Mr. Callahan, this is my mother.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Going to him smilingly and offering him her hand*) I'm real glad to see you, Mr. Callahan.

CALLAHAN. (*Uncomfortably shaking hands*) Thank you.

MRS. BASCOM. We're just goin' to have dinner—won't you stay?

CALLAHAN. You're very kind, but I——

MRS. BASCOM. Oh, do, it won't take a minute to set another place.

JOE. We—we've got a little business to talk over first, mother——

MRS. BASCOM. Oh, well, don't hurry—But you'll get Mr. Callahan to stay——

JOE. I'll try.

MRS. BASCOM. That's right (*Turns at door*) Come in when you're ready. (*She smiles at* CALLAHAN *and exits into house*)

CALLAHAN. (*Thinks a moment—puts on hat*) The search thing is off.

JOE. Thank you, Mr. Callahan. Why, my mother's always lived in this village. Anybody'll tell you she's all right.

CALLAHAN. Say—I wasn't born yesterday. I know she's all right, but you want to be careful about the friends you have around you. (*Glances at* MUGGS *and* GILLY)

GILLY. We're both keepin' straight here, Callahan. On the level we are.

CALLAHAN. (*Crossing to* MUGGS. GILLY *comes* R. *of* CALLAHAN) I'd like to believe that.

MUGGS. Want me to tell you how to believe it?

CALLAHAN. No, I want you to get out.

MUGGS. Who tipped you off we was here?

CALLAHAN. Nobody. I'm on some other business, but I thought I'd have to quit it long enough to take you guys back. (*Glances at* MUGGS *and* GILLY)

MUGGS. Who are you after?

CALLAHAN. Not you, I'm glad to say. (*Looks at* MUGGS *and* GILLY) You behave yourselves now. (*Goes up* R. *to exit above house*)

MUGGS. You bet.
GILLY. Sure. } (*Together*)

CALLAHAN. So long!

MUGGS. Bye-by!
GILLY. So-long! } (*Together*)

(GILLY *crosses above* MUGGS *to* L.)

TILLINGER. (*Entering from below house*) Ha! You two scallywags are here yet, be you? (*Crosses to them*)

(CALLAHAN *stops and listens.*)

JOE. What business is that of yours?

TILLINGER. You'll find it's my business. Your Ma owned up this mornin' that this farm was mine, and the man I sold it to's comin' here to claim it.

JOE. When he comes we'll talk to him.

TILLINGER. But them rowdies are pickin' my peaches, an' if they don't clear out an' let 'em alone, I'll have 'em both in the calaboose.

CALLAHAN. (*Coming down* R.) What's that?

JOE. (*Desperately*) The peaches don't belong to him, Mr. Callahan.

TILLINGER. Perhaps the Hundred and twenty-five Dollars they stole last night didn't belong to me!

CALLAHAN. (*Crosses to and looking from* MUGGS *to* GILLY) So—you have been pulling something! (*Turns to him*) Is your name Tillinger?

TILLINGER. Yes.

CALLAHAN. Perhaps I can be of some help to you. (*Shows badge*) I'm from New York Police Headquarters.

TILLINGER. A detective! I'm mighty glad you're here.

CALLAHAN. Tell me what the trouble is.

TILLINGER. Last night, one of these fellers picked my pocket.

CALLAHAN. (*Looks at* MUGGS, *then turns to* TILLINGER) Which one?

(MUGGS *pulls money out of pocket while* CALLAHAN'S *back is turned toward him. Tries to get* GILLY *to take it*—GILLY *side steps.* NOTE: MUGGS *has the money in his left hand, he folds it up as small as possible, then turning towards* GILLY *he stands with his arms akimbo, and slips the money into his left hip pocket. He keeps his left hand closed until after he is supposed to slip the money into* TILLINGER'S *pocket.*)

TILLINGER. (*Doubtfully*) Well, I guess they both of 'em had a hand in it.

CALLAHAN. Have you just found it out?

TILLINGER. No, I missed it out of my pocket last evenin', but I thought I'd lost it at first—spent half the night lookin' for it. (*He glances savagely at* MUGGS *and* GILLY) Scoundrels!

JOE. He can't prove that any of us took his money, Mr. Callahan. (*Goes up* R. C.)

TILLINGER. I can prove one of 'em assaulted me.

CALLAHAN. (*Surprised*) Assaulted you?

TILLINGER. Yes, he did. (*Points at* MUGGS)

MUGGS. (*Crossing to* TILLINGER) I didn't

assault you. (*To* CALLAHAN) Why, Callahan, he was in the kitchen—usin' insultin' language to Mr. Bascom, an' all I did was just to push him out—easy—like that. (*He illustrates, and as he does so slips the roll of bills into* TILLINGER'S *right hand vest pocket.* JOE *does not see this.* MUGGS, *after the scuffle, goes* R. *showing his empty hands*)

TILLINGER Take your hands off'n me. (*Rushes to* CALLAHAN *for protection*)

JOE. (*Coming down*) Nix, Muggs. (*Going to* TILLINGER) Mr. Tillinger, you lost that money last night.

TILLINGER. I never lost a cent in my life.

JOE. Oh, yes, you did, for I found it on the porch this morning, and here it is. (*He hands* TILLINGER SAM'S *roll of bills. Then crosses to* R. MUGGS *goes toward* TILLINGER, *and above him*)

TILLINGER. (*As he counts the money*) Ah, you're givin' it back now—tryin' to keep out of limbo, but you'll find—(*He is putting the money in his vest pocket. He stops suddenly—surprised—looks front—feels in his pocket, slowly withdraws his fingers with two rolls of bills, takes one roll in each hand*)

CALLAHAN. What's that?

TILLINGER. (*Counting the money, amazed*) Another hundred and twenty-five!

(ELSIE *comes on from above house. Comes down* R. *of* MUGGS. *She is quite out of breath.*)

ELSIE. Father!—I just found the money you lost, under the hall sofa! (*She holds out roll of bills to him*)

MUGGS. (*To* ELSIE) He's got his money, Ma'am. (*Snatches one roll of bills from* TILLINGER) That's my coin that Mr. Bascom found——

CALLAHAN. (*Crosses to and grabs* MUGGS *by arm*) Hold on! Let's see about all this.

(*They all start talking at once.*)

CALLAHAN. (*Shouting*) Wait a minute!

JOE. I can explain it, Mr. Callahan.

CALLAHAN. Well, explain it then.

JOE. (*Uncertainly*) I will. Last night I paid him—but first, (*Goes up on porch and opens door to house*) Miss Tillinger, would you mind going inside?

TILLINGER. (*As she reaches steps*) Elsie, I want you to go home!

(ELSIE *stops.*)

JOE. She can go this way just as well—(ELSIE *crosses* JOE *and exits into house,* JOE *whispering to her as she crosses*) God Bless you!

CALLAHAN. Now then, Mr. Bascom——

TILLINGER. I can tell you——

CALLAHAN. (*Stopping him*) Just a moment—I can only hear one at a time.

JOE. Mr. Callahan, do you see those peaches?

CALLAHAN. Do you think I'm blind?

JOE. (*Offering him one*) Try one——

CALLAHAN. (*Taking the peach—later puts it in his pocket*) Say! What are you tryin' to do—bribe me?

JOE. No, I'm tryin' to tell you that my mother has an orchard full of them—and this man's trying to cheat her out of it.

TILLINGER. It's a lie. She was poor and I sold this place to help her and make her comfortable.

JOE. You didn't sell it at all. Mr. Callahan, do you think he'd sell an orchard of—of—(*Gets paper* SAM *has given him*) 135 trees to the acre, and ten baskets to the tree, sixty peaches to the basket—when he knew that those peaches would make more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of jam a year—(*Crossing to* TILLINGER. MUGGS *starts up* R.,

CALLAHAN *does same to cut him off*) You knew all this when you tried to get this place, and I can prove it.

(MORGAN *enters below house.*)

TILLINGER. Ah! Here's the man I sold the place to—(JOE *turns and recognizes* MORGAN) Perhaps you'd better hear what he's got to say—Mr. Morgan.

MORGAN. (*Going to* JOE) Pete Turner!

TILLINGER. Why, his name's Joe Bascom.

MORGAN. His name's what?

TILLINGER. Joe Bascom, he's the feller that's holdin' up the sale of this place.

MORGAN. Oh, he won't hold up much longer when I tell you about him. Mr. Tillinger, that man robbed my father of twenty-five hundred dollars he spent last year in—in——

(MRS. BASCOM *opens kitchen door and enters. She slowly goes down the steps and above the men.* MORGAN'S *back is to her.* CALLAHAN, *who has come down on his* R., *touches* MORGAN *on the shoulder, he turns, looks at* CALLAHAN, *his expression changes to one of horror as* CALLAHAN *slowly shows him his badge.*)

CALLAHAN. Mr. Morgan, I want you. (*Quietly showing badge*) Your father sent me for you, he's found out who's been robbing him now. He knows all about those notes, and checks and everything.

JOE. (*Screaming*) Ah! I know now—it was you—you stole that money—you had me sent away for a year—you—(*Rushes at him with arms uplifted*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Coming between* JOE *and* MORGAN, *she throws her arms about* JOE'S *neck*) Joe!

JOE. (*Embracing her frantically*) Mother, I can tell you now. I can tell you everything.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE:—*Same as* ACT II.

Except a number of changes have taken place. A wide veranda has been built on front part of the house extending off-stage above house. Kitchen window has new shade. On veranda are several porch chairs and a small table, and a small wicker chair is on lawn R. C.

Up R. C., *in the distance, a new house has been built on the hill. It has three windows on ground floor, which on cue are lighted, and one window in second story, which also may be lighted, after the lights in first floor go out. This upper window has a shade which is slowly lowered after the room is lighted.*

An auto, with head light and red rear end light, starts on cue from U. R. *to house, stops there, and then continues down the hill and out of sight* U. L.

There is a ground row of hill, trees, bushes, etc., across stage as far back as possible. On the back of this row a track is built on which the auto is drawn by a windlass and string. The auto is about 12 *by* 10 *inches. The house is about* 30 *by* 16 *inches. The peach trees on left are in full bloom.*

TIME:—8:30 P. M. *The next year.*

At rise, the stage is empty. In the house a dinner party is in progress. They are just finishing. Laughter and chattering heard. There is applause and cries of "Speech!" Then JOE'S *voice is heard faintly.*

While the following is going on, KATIE, *the maid, enters from kitchen door. She is young, good looking and wears a regulation Maid's costume. She is carrying a large tray on which is coffee percolator, four small coffee cups, saucers and spoons, sugar bowl and tongs, cigars, cigarettes, and a table cloth. She places tray on chair on porch. Takes a small wicker table from porch and places it on stage near the steps. Takes the table cover from tray and spreads it on the table, then puts tray on table. Stands* L. *of table.*

JOE. (*Off-stage—in house*) It is easy to say this is the happiest evening of my life, because, since I've been married, that is what every evening has been—(*There are murmurs of applause—"Good boy," "You both look it," "Hope it will always keep up," etc.*) My wife and I—(*Cries of "Oh"*) have had a wonderful trip—but we've both said the best part of it is getting home. (*Cries of "Good," "Glad you're back," "Welcome," etc.*) This magnificent banquet, so splendidly arranged by that great social lion—our Mr. Samuel Martin—(*Applause and comment*) Has been a joyful surprise to my wife and me.

(*The above is not to be distinctly heard in front—only an occasional word. There is loud applause, cries of "Hear," "Hear," "Some speaker," etc., etc.* SAM'S *voice is heard.*)

SAM. (*Off-stage—in house—loudly*) Now, no more speeches. You do that at banquets, not dinners.

(*Laughter and cries of "Well, well!" "What do we do next?" etc.* DEACON TILLINGER *and* MRS. BASCOM *come around porch.* DEACON *has on frock coat and carries a gold headed cane.*

MRS. BASCOM *wears a plain but rich dress, with a diamond bar-pin on her bosom.*)

TILLINGER. (*Comes* R. *of well*) I ain't narrow minded, but I was brought up to consider that dancin' was wicked——

MRS. BASCOM. (*Going around back of well to* L.) Nonsense, Deacon! The idea! (*Peach blossoms drop from branch as* MRS. BASCOM *bends it down to smell them*)

TILLINGER. And when I heard that Joe and Elsie was goin' to have dancin' at their party to-morrow night—I thought 'twas my duty to speak to the minister about it. (*Comes down* R. C.)

MRS. BASCOM (*Comes front of well*) What did he say?

TILLINGER. Well, Dr. Hill's a *young* minister—

MRS. BASCOM. But, what did he say?

TILLINGER. Said he was glad to hear it, and he'd be there. (*Goes above table*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Seeing* KATIE *arranging tray*) Mercy sakes, Katie what's that?

KATIE. (*Has finished arranging table*) Coffee, ma'am—Mr. Martin told me to put it out here after I served the dessert. (KATIE *exits to kitchen*)

TILLINGER. That Sam Martin's lost his wits.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Laughing as she sits on well*) If he has, he's doin' real well without 'em——

TILLINGER. (*Coming down* R. C.) Oh, he's as smart as they make 'em about business—I mean all these foolish notions he's got into his head. 'Twas his idea havin' this dinner at night time, wasn't it?

MRS. BASCOM. Oh, yes, he knew that Elsie and Joe'd be back to-day from their honeymoon, and 'bout four o'clock, up he drove in his big automobile —with a man cook and the greatest lot of truck— and he said he was going to give 'em a dinner here—

TILLINGER. Well, I swan!

MRS. BASCOM. He brought another gentlemen, all

dressed up, to wait on table—but I knew that would hurt Katie's feelin's.

TILLINGER. Well, it was a mighty stylish dinner—if eatin' all them vitals at night don't kill us. And now, coffee—in them little cups! What be we all comin' to! (*He helps himself to a cup*)

MRS. BASCOM. Don't the bride and groom look well and happy!

TILLINGER. (*Busy with coffee—puts in three lumps of sugar*) Yes, they do. Seems like Elsie's been gone a year.

MRS. BASCOM. Why, it ain't a month yet. They was married three weeks ago Wednesday.

TILLINGER. (*About to sip coffee—then offers it to* MRS. BASCOM) Won't you have some?

MRS. BASCOM. Why, Deacon—I wouldn't sleep a wink.

TILLINGER. That pin shows off good on you. Real diamonds, Elsie says. (*He inspects* MRS. BASCOM's *bar-pin*)

MRS. BASCOM. Yes, I hate to think what it cost 'em—and what a nice present you got!

TILLINGER. (*Holding up cane*) Yes, 'tis—but I ain't feeble enough to need it yet—thank the good Lord! (*Puts cup on tray*)

(CALLAHAN *enters from below house as* DEACON'S *back is turned.*)

CALLAHAN. (*Doubtfully*) Mr. Tillinger? (*Recognizes* MRS. BASCOM *and crosses to her*) Oh, Mrs. Bascom—Good-evening——

(MRS. BASCOM *rises.*)

TILLINGER. (R. *of* CALLLHAN) Why, if it ain't the detective!

MRS. BASCOM. (*Shakes hands, is* L. *of* CLLAHAN) Of course, it's Mr. Callahan! Well, this is a surprise!

CALLAHAN. I didn't recognize your place at first —walked right by it—you've done a lot of improvin' since I was here.

MRS. BASCOM. Land yes—Joe has.

CALLAHAN. Well, Deacon? Lost any money lately?

DEACON. Oh! Joe told me all about that, smartest trick I ever heard of. Made me like them boys from the minute I found it out.

CALLAHAN. So the Deacon and your son are friends.

DEACON. Friends! Why, I'm his father-in-law.

CALLAHAN. Yes I know that. (DEACON *goes up* R. C.) Well, I want to see Mr. Bascom on a little matter of business—(MRS. BASCOM *looks at him*) Oh, don't worry, ma'am, it's nothing—er—professional.

MRS. BASCOM. They're all in the dining room. (*She crosses and goes up on porch,* DEACON *goes up-stage*) Won't you come right in?

CALLAHAN. No, thanks. I'd rather see him alone first. (*Going to porch*) Suppose I step into the kitchen and you tip him off I'm here.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Going to kitchen door*) Why certainly, if you want to——

TILLINGER. I'll go around to the dining room and tell him.

CALLAHAN. (*To* TILLINGER) Thanks—and tell him on the quiet. (TILLINGER *exits above house. To* MRS. BASCOM) After you—(*He follows* MRS. BASCOM *into house*)

(*The door remains open.*)

TILLINGER. (*Off*) Joe! I got somethin' to tell you——

SAM. (*Impatiently as he enters above house*) Oh, come on, now! Come on, Joe!

JOE. (*Off*) In a minute, Sam.

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *enter around veranda.* MUGGS *and* GILLY *are in evening clothes*—SAM *dressed in the height of fashion—large white "buttonhole", latest shirt, collar, tie and waistcoat.*)

MUGGS. (*Down by well*) What's the idea?

(GILLY *looks the table over, then comes down right of it.*)

SAM. (*Takes cigar*) This is the right way, I tell you. After dinner all the gentlemen and ladies ought to separate. Us gentlemen ought to have cigars and coffee by ourselves—and then pretty soon join 'em again.

GILLY. When do we do that?

SAM. (*Disgustedly*) Oh, I'll let you know. It's when I say "Supposin' we join the ladies." (*Standing above table*) Help yourselves to cigars. (MUGGS *and* GILLY *each attempt to take a handful.* SAM *snatches the box away*) No, take one apiece. (*He looks at them discouraged*) My God, (*Crossing to* L. C.) but you're provincial!

MUGGS. We're what?

SAM. Provincial. You don't know how to act right. They wouldn't know what to make of you two at one of Henry W. Parker's dinners. (SAM *lights cigar with pocket lighter which he carries.* GILLY *lights cigar with match from tray*)

MUGGS. And you're pullin' off this dinner the way they do at Parker's, are you?

SAM. (*Crossing to table and draws cup of coffee*) 'S near's I can. But it's hard to do anything right with a couple of rubes like you. (MUGGS *sits at well.* SAM *offers him a cup of coffee*) Coffee?

MUGGS. (*Looking at cup*) Can you spare that much?

SAM. Oh, go on, take it! (MUGGS *does so.* SAM *draws another cup. To* GILLY. *Using society manners*) Demi tasse, old boy?

GILLY. What?

SAM. (*Angrily*) Do you want some coffee?

GILLY. Sure.

SAM. (*Offering him cup*) Well, here.

(GILLY *takes it.* MUGGS, *who has finished his, rises and holds cup out for more.*)

MUGGS. Next!

(SAM *refills his cup and hands it to him.*)

GILLY. It's all right, ain't it?

MUGGS. It's swell. (MUGGS *goes to well and seats himself. He leaves his cup on well later*)

(GILLY *holds out his empty cup.*)

SAM. Oh, wait a minute, now—'till I get some for mysef. (*Helps himself*) The next dinner I give, I'll have your coffee put in a troff!

(JOE *enters from kitchen.*)

JOE. (*Crossing to* L. *of* SAM) Excuse my being late, Mr. Martin—I was detained on a little matter of business. Oh, thank you! (*He takes cup from* SAM)

(MUGGS *puts cup on well and lights cigar.*)

SAM. (*Draws another cup*) But business matters and dinners don't go together.

JOE. He knows, boys. He's getting to be one of the leaders of society.

SAM. (*Crossing to* L. *of well, takes cup with him*) And it isn't so easy getting into society as you'd think. The Parkers never could have got me in only every one I met said I was so amusing—and now I'm being invited everywhere.

MUGGS. (*Rising*) Oh, quit boosting yourself.

(MRS. BASCOM *enters from kitchen.* SAM *puts cup on well.* MUGGS *goes* L. *of* SAM. JOE *puts cup on tray.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*As she enters*) Your visitor is having some supper, Joe. He's got to go back to New York to-night and I thought (*Crosses to* SAM, *who is* R. *of* MUGGS. JOE *is* R. *of his mother, and* GILLY *is* R. *of* JOE) Sammie might take him in his automobile.

SAM. Delighted, I'm sure.

JOE. That's fine, dear.

MRS. BASCOM. It's been a lovely dinner, Sammie.

SAM. Glad you liked it. And we can all afford to have dinners like that every night of our lives——

JOE. Yes, look at these four successful men, Little Lady. Who do you suppose they owe it to?

MRS. BASCOM. (*Laughing*) You're going to say it's because I always see the jam in the making—When I know you only let me do it just to please me.

SAM. Don't you believe it!

MRS. BASCOM. Nonsense, Sammie! Anyone can make it—the only difference is that I put in a little—

JOE. (*Interrupting*) Mother! That's a secret!

MRS. BASCOM. What do you mean, Joe?

JOE. (*Putting his arm about her*) I mean you put something into every jar of that jam—something you don't know about yourself, I guess. And if you do, you mustn't tell—or every boy's mother might do the same thing.

MRS. BASCOM. (*Kissing him*) What a boy you are! (*Crossing to porch*) Don't forget, Sammie, and start off without your passenger.

SAM. No, ma'am.

(MRS. BASCOM *exits into kitchen.*)

JOE. Say, where's Betty's car? I thought your chauffeur was going to bring it over here.

SAM. He was. It's time he was here now. (*Takes out watch in chamois skin case*) Betty doesn't know about it yet, does she?

JOE. Not yet.

SAM. Wait until she sees it. Say, I want to thank you again for this watch, Joe. Hear it strike! (*Holds it up to* MUGG'S *ear*)

MUGGS. What do you think of that?

SAM. You and Elsie came home loaded with presents for everybody just as though it was Christmas. Now, supposin' we join the ladies!

(BETTY, ELSIE *and* JESSIE *enter from above house.* SAM *starts up* R. *of well. Sees them coming and comes down* L. *of well.* JOE, GILLY *and* MUGGS *also start to go.*)

MUGGS. (*Coming back*) It's workin' wrong again, Sam—they're comin' to join us. (MUGGS *puts cigar on well*)

BETTY. What became of you all?

ELSIE. (*Going to* MUGGS *then crosses to* GILLY) Oh, they're talking money and business as they always do——

MUGGS. Well, money don't make a bad topic when you've got some.

(*All begin talking in groups*—MUGGS, BETTY *and* SAM, L. *of well.* GILLY *and* ELSIE, R. C. JOE *and* JESSIE, C.)

SAM. You are looking quite charming to-night, Betty.
BETTY. Oh, thank you. It was a perfectly lovely dinner.
MUGGS. He's showin' us how the four hundred eat.
JESSIE. I want to thank you again for my beautiful bracelet, Joe.
JOE. I knew you'd like it—Elsie picked it out.
ELSIE. I'm so glad you could give Joe such splendid reports of the business.
GILLY. It was up to us to show him he could get away once in a while.
(*Spoken together.*)

(KATIE *enters through kitchen door.*)

KATIE. Mr. Martin, Mr. Martin, your chauffeur is asking for you.
SAM. Is he out in front of the house.
KATIE. Yes, sir. (KATIE *gets cups from well, removes tray, etc. She exits to kitchen*)
SAM. Supposin' we all go out there—Joe's got somethin' to show you. (*Offers* BETTY *his arm*) Allow me, Betty.

BETTY. Oh, what is it?
SAM. Another of Joe's surprises——
JESSIE. Perhaps it's fireworks——
GILLY. (*To* JESSIE) Can I show you the way?
(*Spoken together.*)

ELSIE. (*As she exits on veranda*) Come along, Joe.
JOE. In a minute, dear. (*Catches* GILLY *by coat sleeve*) Gilly! (MUGGS *has started after* BETTY *and* SAM *who have gone up* L. *of well to exit.*

Muggs, I want to see you two a minute. (SAM *and* BETTY, JESSIE *and* ELSIE *exit together, above house talking and laughing*) I didn't bring a present for you guys. (JOE *is* C. MUGGS *is on his* L. *and* GILLY *his* R.)

MUGGS. Say, don't Joe——

GILLY. You're givin' us more——

JOE. (*Breaking in*) But I thought you might like a picture to remember me by. (*He feels in his pocket*)

MUGGS. I should say I would!

GILLY. Did you have 'em taken while you was away?

JOE. (*Handing photo to* GILLY) Here's yours, Gilly. (*Handing one to* MUGGS) And here's yours.

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *start as they recognize photos.*)

GILLY. Joe!

MUGGS. God, Gilly it's us!

GILLY. From the rogues gallery.

MUGGS. Sure—with the number and everything—

GILLY. Joe—how'd you get 'em?

JOE. Oh, a pinch of salt and Callahan.

GILLY. Callahan?

JOE. Yes, and he had some job—wouldn't take a cent, either.

MUGGS. Say, Old Pal—(*With tears in his voice*) —I'm going to remember you for this right up to my time for "Lights out".

GILLY. That goes for me too, Joe.

(MUGGS *and* GILLY *put pictures in their pockets.* BETTY *rushes on from above house, wild with excitement.* GILLY *goes* R. MUGGS L.)

BETTY. Joe!—Joe—Oh, it's beautiful—And the man says I can learn to drive it in no time!—Oh,

Joe, you're just a darling—I—I—Oh, Joe—! (*She throws her arms around him, and bursts out laughing and crying*)

JOE. (*Petting her*) Did you see your initials on it?

BETTY. Are they? Where?

JOE. On the doors.

(BETTY *rushes back above house, calling*——)

BETTY. Maw! Maw!—(MRS. BASCOM *comes onto veranda from kitchen*) I got a new automobile! —It's a run-around!—And it's got wire wheels and everything. Hurry, Maw, I want to look at my initials! (BETTY *dashes off above house, the boys go to* JOE—*he is between* MUGGS *and* GILLY *at well.* MRS. BASCOM *hurries from veranda after* BETTY)

MUGGS. That's sure being some happy, Joe!

JOE. (*Smiling*) I've felt like yelling that way ever since I was married—(MUGGS *and* GILLY *look away*) I tell you it's wonderful when—when—Oh!—Say, boys, do you remember what you promised me when we went into business together?

MUGGS. About Betty?

GILLY. And Jessie?

JOE. Yes.

GILLY. And we've stuck to it, Joe.

MUGGS. Sure, we have. We bought two engagement rings six months ago—but we never said nothin' about 'em.

JOE. Well, that promise is off.

MUGGS. Off!

GILLY. Do you mean it?

JOE. You agreed to say nothing until you'd made good——

MUGGS. You think we have made good, Joe, honest?

JOE. If two fellows ever made good, you have. (*Goes up* R. C.)

GILLY. I ain't missed Sunday school in forty weeks. (*Goes up towards* JOE)

JOE. I'll see if I can find them for you—(JOE *exits above house*)

GILLY. (*Coming back to* MUGGS) There's some kid!

MUGGS. And he's got some sister!

GILLY. And she's got some friend!

MUGGS. And now we can ask 'em.

GILLY. And we've both got bank accounts.

MUGGS. And we got 'em on the level.

GILLY. And our mugs ain't in the rogues gallery.

MUGGS. Dudley!

GILLY. Lucius!

(*They shake hands.*)

MUGGS. Joe's lookin' for the girls. They'll be here in a minute.

GILLY. (*Frightened*) Can't we both ask 'em together?

MUGGS. What do you mean?

GILLY. Somehow, I don't like the idea of being alone when I ask Jessie——

MUGGS. Afraid?

GILLY. Scared stiff!

MUGGS. Me, too. Got your ring?

GILLY. It's up in the room. (*Starts to kitchen door*) I'll go up and get it.

MUGGS. (*Turns* L.) Bring mine down too.

GILLY. Sure. (*Comes back*) I think I'll send mine to Jessie with a note.

MUGGS. (*Comes back to* GILLY) Oh, you can't propose to a girl that way. I wouldn't mind askin' Jessie——

GILLY. I wouldn't mind askin' Betty! (*With sudden idea*) Say, Muggs—would you—do that for me?

MUGGS. Do what? Ask Jessie?

GILLY. I'd do the same for you.

MUGGS. (*Sees* JESSIE *coming above house*) Ssh!

JESSIE. (*To* GILLY *as she comes down* R. *of him*) Joe asked me to bring Betty out here—but she's off in her car. It's the cutest thing! And she's just wild about it.

GILLY. (*Unable to speak at first*) Jessie, I—!—Excuse me—I want to get something—(GILLY *exits into house*)

MUGGS. Jessie—(*She turns to him*) How would you like to—to—er—sit down?

JESSIE. Oh, I ain't tired!

MUGGS. But I want to ask you something.

JESSIE. Oh! (*Sits right of well*)

MUGGS. Have you ever thought about getting married?

JESSIE. (*Surprised—looks front*) Why—of course I have.

MUGGS. Ever thought you would?

JESSIE. You don't think I want to die an old maid, do you?

MUGGS. No, sure you don't! (*Sits beside her*) Jessie, would you—will you—?

JESSIE. Why, Lucius!—I—thought you were in love with Betty! (*Rising*) I couldn't marry you.

MUGGS. (*Rising*) I don't want you to marry me—I'm askin' you for Gilly.

JESSIE. You're what?

MUGGS. Yes, he made me promise him I would.

JESSIE. Well, of all the meanest things—I'll never speak to him again as long as I live—(*She rushes off above house*)

MUGGS. (*Calling after her*) Jessie—wait a minute—listen—(*He sits down by well, looking front hopelessly.* GILLY *carefully comes to door and peeks out. He sees* MUGGS *alone*)

GILLY. (*Coming to* R. *of* MUGGS) Did you fix it?

MUGGS. Yes, I fixed it.
GILLY. Which way did she go?
MUGGS. That way. (*Pointing above house*)

(GILLY *starts after her—stops.*)

GILLY. Here comes Betty. Blow—quick—!

(MUGGS *rises.* GILLY *tries to push him off* L.)

MUGGS. Blow yourself.
GILLY. But you fixed it for me, now I want to fix it for you.
MUGGS. I'll do my own fixin'—beat it—get out! (*Pushes* GILLY *to* L.)

(BETTY *enters above house.*)

BETTY. (*Comes down* R. C. *Sees boys*) Jessie wants to see you, Dudley. You better go right away. She's awful mad about something——
GILLY. (*Goes up* L. *of well, starting off above house*) Thanks!
MUGGS. (*Suddenly—running to him up* R. C.) Say, wait a minute! (GILLY *stops*) Did you get that?

(BETTY *goes* L. *of well.*)

GILLY. Eh?—Oh!—Here—(*Hands* MUGGS *ring in box, then exits quickly*)

(MUGGS *takes ring from box, then puts box in pocket. Keeps ring in hand.* BETTY *does not see it.*)

BETTY. Why didn't you come to see my car, Lucius?

MUGGS. I was detained. (*He holds ring in right hand by his side. Looks at it meaningly, then breathes on it, and rubs it on his coat sleeve,* BETTY *sees the ring*) Betty I got something terrible important to say to you.

(ELSIE *and* JOE *come on from below house.*)

JOE. (*Seeing them*) Hello!

MUGGS. (*Takes* BETTY'S *hand and draws it through his arm*) Will you take a little walk in the orchard, Betty?—(*To* ELSIE *and* JOE) Excuse us a minute——

(BETTY *and* MUGGS *exit to orchard.* ELSIE *goes to* C. *of well,* JOE *close to her.*)

JOE. (R. *of* ELSIE) I guess they don't want anyone around just now.

ELSIE. We didn't.

JOE. Happy?

ELSIE. (*Looks up at him, smiling*) Isn't it a wonderful world!

JOE. (*Turning her head up* R. C.) Look!

ELSIE. (*Looking at house on the hill, up* R. C.) Home!

JOE. Home! Isn't it a wonderful word!

(MRS. BASCOM *comes from above house on veranda.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (R. *of* JOE) Joey—Sammy and Mr. Callahan are waiting to say good-night to you. They're out in the automobile.

JOE. Well, we'll go and say good-night to them, and we'll get Sam to drive us over—(*Looking at* ELSIE) Over—?

ELSIE. (*Smiling at him*) Home! (*He kisses her*)

JOE. (*Goes to her*) Good-night, mother!

MRS. BASCOM. Good-night, boy! (*He kisses her*)
ELSIE. (*Goes to mother*) Good-night, mother.
MRS. BASCOM. Good-night, darling! (*She kisses her*)

(ELSIE *goes to* JOE *up* R. C.)

JOE. (*Starting above house with* ELSIE) Oh, Sam—give us a lift home, will you?
SAM. (*Away off-stage*) Delighted, I assure you.

(MRS. BASCOM *looks after them as they exit.* GILLY *and* JESSIE *enter quickly below house.*)

JESSIE. Oh, Mrs. Bascom—I want to show you something. (JESSIE *meets* MRS. BASCOM *center—shows her engagement ring—*GILLY *grining and looking on*)
MRS. BASCOM. Oh, my dears, I'm so glad! (*As* MRS. BASCOM *is about to kiss* JESSIE, MUGGS *and* BETTY *enter from the orchard—quickly*)
BETTY. Maw!—Maw!—Look! (*Shows* MRS. BASCOM *her engagement ring*)
MRS. BASCOM. (*Kissing her*) My darling girl!
JESSIE. (*Crossing to* BETTY—MUGGS *crosses at back to* L. *of* GILLY) Oh, let's see! (*Looks at* BETTY'S *ring*) See mine! (*Shows it to* BETTY)
BETTY. Jessie!
JESSIE. Betty!

(*They embrace and reverse positions.*)

MUGGS. Dudley!
GILLY. Lucius! (*They embrace*)
MUGGS *and* GILLY. Mother!

(*Auto starts. Stops at house. After count of five, the lower windows are lighted.*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Coming between them*) Boys—! (*She has an arm around each of them—then each kiss her on the cheek*)

JESSIE. (*After lower windows are lighted. Count five then auto starts from house to* L.) Dudley——

GILLY. (*Crossing to her*) I'm going to take her home——

JESSIE. (*Taking his arm*) Let's go through the orchard——

(GILLY *and* JESSIE *start toward orchard.*)

MUGGS. Oh, Dudley. Don't hurry back!

(*Bell strikes* 10 *o'clock.*)

GILLY. Don't worry!

(JESSIE *and* GILLIE *exit to orchard. As auto passes bushes, lights go out in lower windows.*)

BETTY. (*Going up* L. *of well with* MUGGS) We'll sit on the piazza a litle while. (*Light window upstairs. Count five and slowly draw down the shade. This is timed so that as soon as* MUGGS *and* BETTY *cross to house the shade is lowered*)

MRS. BASCOM. (*Smiling*) As long as you like—

(BETTY *and* MUGGS *exit above house. As shade comes down,* MRS. BASCOM *turns front, clasps her hands and raises her eyes toward heaven.*)

CURTAIN.

APPENDIX.

PROLOGUE.

HAND PROPS.

ON COUNTER.
Joe's coat. (Under counter)
Shawl.
Pawn ticket pinned to shawl.
Doll.
Wrapping paper.
Rubber bands.
Chalk.

ON REPAIR TABLE L.
Old pressing cloth.
Pressing board.
Iron holder and iron.
Pipe attached to iron.
Small pressing cloth.
Needles, thread and thimble.
Chalk, etc.

HANGING BACK OF CURTAIN C.
Blue serge suit.
Check suit.
Several other suits.

OFF-STAGE L. C.
Bottle of whiskey.

OFF-STAGE L. 1 E.
JOE'S blue serge vest
A duplicate pair of checked trousers with $10 bill in pocket

MONEY.
ISADORE—4-$1 bills, 2 quarters.

* * * * * * * * *

LIGHTING—PROLOGUE.

(*At rise.*)

FOOTS.
Blue up full.
Amber down to limit.
Frosted white enough to tone the blue.
FIRST BORDER.
Blue ½ up.
Amber ½ up.
THIRD BORDER.
Blue up full.
Pinks ½ up.

(*A single globe in entrance* L.)

1000 WATT LAMPS ON BACK DROP.
ON L. OF STAGE.
No. 3 Chocolate, frost and blue.
2 Pink—blinded.
1 Blue.
ON R. OF STAGE.
No. 4 Blue.
5 Chocolate, frost and blue.
ON R. OF STAGE THROWING UP AGAINST SIDE BACKING.
No. 6 Blue.
7 Bunch light—pink—½ blinded.
AFTER CURTAIN IS WELL UP.
Start lights very slowly up to marks. The first border to keep ahead of foots.
FOOTS.
Blue down and out.
Amber up to ¾ full.

First Border.
Blue—not touched.
Amber up to ¾ full.
Third Border.
Blue—not touched.
Pink up to full.
Lamps on Drop and Backing.
No. 5 Put blue in front and draw of C. F. B.
2 When No. 5 is ¾ off—draw blinder.
3 Follows No. 2.
4 Put a little frost in to lighten drop.
6 Put a little frost in to lighten backing.
All lights to be at high mark when Gilly exits at back.

ACT I.

HAND PROPS.

On Table C.
Colored apron. (Jessie)
3 plates.
2 cups.
2 saucers.
Cruet.
Pitcher of milk.
Knives.
Forks.
Spoons.
Sugar bowl.
In Drawer.
Bottle of flavoring extract.
White table cloth.
On Table at Window.
2 sticks about 18″ long.
2 tablespoons.
Bowl of sliced peaches.
2 glasses.

On Chair at Window.
Red table cloth.
At Sink.
Pump, practical.
Wash basin.
Dish pan with hot water.
Tin quart measure.
Two plates.
Garbage pail.
Dish cloth and wiping cloth.
A wooden cloth hanger.
Piece of soap.
On Floor at the Chimney.
Preserving kettle and large wooden spoon.
On Shelf over Sink.
Mirror.
Hair comb and brush.
Drinking glass.
Dish of soap.
Two vases of flowers.
In Cupboard.
Bucket of sugar in lower section.
Sugar scoop in bucket.
On Flat Top.
Plate with cut lemon and squeezer.
2 plates, knives and forks (For Muggs and Gilly)
In Right Drawer of Cupboard.
Face towels and dish towels.
In Left Drawer of Cupboard.
Knives, forks, spoons, etc.
Upper Section of Cupboard.
Jar of jam and spoon.
Glass with spoons in it.
Glasses, dishes, cups, saucers, etc.
On Shelf at Chimney.
Clock.
2 lamps with paper bags on chimneys.

On Small Stand L.
Bible on top of stand.
Album on shelf.
Mrs. Bascom's work basket on shelf.
Spectacles in work basket.
In Drawer.
Tillinger's bill.
On Shelf L.
Whisk broom.
Vase of flowers.
On Hat Rack R. of Door L. C.
Parasol.
On Wall Near Sink.
Box of spice.
Box of salt.
On Chimney.
Several nails on which are hung pots, pans, etc.

* * * * * * * * *

Off-stage L.
Empty jar U. E.
2 prayer books at U. E.
1 prayer book at parlor entrance.
Off-stage R.
Basket filled with jars of jam.
Jar of chicken broth.
Large kettle filled with preserves. (Smoking)
2 kerosene lamps fitted with electric batteries in globes.
Bundles with doll and shawl for Joe.
Fuller's earth.
Food for Boy's Supper.
A dish of potatoes and cream.
Spoon.
Broiled chicken.
Lettuce.
Bread.
Large pitcher of milk.

* * * * * * * * *

CUES FOR EFFECTS OFF-STAGE.

— — — — to help with the dishes.
Clock strikes six.
— — — — when BETTY turns from window after TILLINGER'S exit.
Clock strikes one. (6:30)
— — — — sit down, fellows. (BETTY opens door)
Effect of food cooking outside.
— — — — Now you blow. See.
Church bell rings continuous until curtain.
CLOCK.
5:55 at rise.
— — — — help with the dishes, Jessie.
6:00————————
— — — — at half past six.
6:15————————
— — — — TILLINGER'S exit.
6:30————————
— — — — Tiffany food.
6:45————————
— — — — Will you kindly open the door.
6:55————————

MONEY FOR ALL ACTS.

GILLY receives two (2) ten and two (2) five dollar bills, 3-silver half dollars.
TILLINGER receives two (2) ten and two (2) five dollar bills.
SAM receives four (4) ten and six (6) five dollar bills.
ELSIE receives two (2) ten and two (2) five dollar bills.

ISADORE receives four (4) one dollar bills and two (2) quarters. (Prologue)
JOE receives one (1) five dollar bill.
TILLINGER—Large envelope containing two deeds, check, receipted bill.
SAM—Order book and pencil.

* * * * * * * * *

LIGHTING.

ACT I.

(At rise.)

FOOTS.
Ambers ⅞ up.
FIRST BRDER.
Ambers ¾ up.
FOURTH BORDER.
Pink up full.
Blue up full.
1000 WATT LAMPS ON BACK DROP.
Numbers commencing at flat and running to drop.

ON R. OF S.—No. 1 Blue.
2 Pink.
3 Orange.
4 Pink.
ON L. OF S.—No. 6 Pink.
7 Pink.
8 Blue.

Baby spot in first border—pink, covering easychair and stand. (Comes up on cue)
Music—strip amber in foots to light up MRS. BASCOM'S face when she sits at stand to read bible. (Comes up on cue)
Baby spot from L. across back of window to light JOE'S face.

2 oil lamps, students, with batteries, etc. (BETTY brings them on)
A single globe in entrances, R. and L.

CUES.

— — — — On DEACON'S first entrance.
Lights start slowly down.
Foots and 1st border to low mark.
4th border—Blue remains up full.
Pink comes down to tone blue.
1000 WATT LAMPS.
No. 4 Blinded.
2 "
3 "
1 Blind—leaving an opening of about one inch.
7 Blind with No. 2.
6 Follows No. 7.
8 Follows No. 6.
— — — — When the DEACON makes his first exit.
All lights are down to their low marks, except a very little orange is left in No. 3.
— — — —When BETTY leaves the window.
The orange in No. 3 blue slowly down and are out by time MRS. BASCOM makes her entrance.
Darken woodshed entrance before BETTY makes her exit. Turn on light before she makes her entrance.
— — — — When BETTY enters with the two oil lamps.
Foots and 1st border come to ⅜ as she opens door. Then to ⅝ as she walks to table with the lamps.
— — — — As MRS. BASCOM sits in easy-chair.

The music strip in foots comes slowly to full.
When Mrs. Bascom rises to meet Joe—Music strip down and out.
— — — — As Betty brings lamp to stand by Mrs. Bascom.
The baby spot in 1st border comes up to ⅞.
— — — — After Betty places lamp in window.
No. 6 Blind is drawn off, leaving blue.
8 " " " " " "
1 " " " " " "
2 " " " " " "
— — — — When Elsie enters.
Foots come to ⅞.
1st border comes to ¾. (To provide more light for the comedy scene following)

ACT II.

HAND PROPS.

Off-stage L. 3 E.
Wheel barrow. 12 baskets of peaches. 1 loose peach to go on last load of peaches.
Off-stage R. Above House.
Child's wagon.
6 empty peach baskets.
1 empty market basket.
Off-stage R. in House.
Broom and dust pan.
Small tray with bottle of liniment, cup of water and small towel.
Empty market basket.
Brown paper parcel. (Meat)
Small watering pot.
On Steps of Porch.

Basket of filled preserve jars.
Labels in box or saucer.
Small dish with water and small sponge.
On Well.
L. of well on the curb—Bucket and rope.
On top of well L.—drinking cup.
Sam—Bank book.
Fountain pen.
Pencil.
An agreement.
Piece of paper with figures on it.

MONEY.

Sam—4-$10 bills, 6-$5 bills.
Elsie—2-$10 bills, 2-$5 bills.
Deacon—2-$10 bills, 2-$5 bills.
Joe—1-$5 bill.
Gilly—3-silver $½.

LIGHTS.

Foots.
Amber and blue up full.
All Borders.
Pink, frosted white, and blue up full.
1000 Watt Lamps.
On L. 1st E.—1 blue, 1 pink and blue.
2nd E.—2 pink.
3rd E.—1 blue, 1 pink.
4th E.—1 blue, 1 pink.
On R. Back of set row, on floor—1 blue.
Above house—1 pink.
Spots in fly gallery on R.
Back of 1st border—1 frost.
Back of 2nd border—2—no mediums.

STRIP LIGHTS.
On L. back of orchard set piece—1 blue.
On L. back of ground row—1 blue.
On R. back of keg drop—1 blue.
BABY SPOTS.
On L.—first entrance (4)—2 frost, 2 pink.
On R.—first entrance (4)—2 frost, 2 pink.
BUNCH LIGHTS.
Through window of house—1 pink.
Above house—1 blue.

NO CHANGE OF LIGHT DURING ACT.

ACT III.

HAND PROPS.

ON STAGE.
2 wicker chairs on porch.
1 wicker table on porch.
1 wicker chair R. C. on lawn.
OFF-STAGE R. IN HOUSE.
Tray—coffee percolator.
4 cups, saucers, and spoons.
Box of cigars, cigarettes.
Cigar clipper.
Bowl of lump sugar with tongs.
Matches in box.
Gold headed cane.
2 pictures.
2 rings in boxes.
Bell to strike ten o'clock.
CUE — — — — Don't worry. (By GILLY)

LIGHTING.

FOOTS.
Blue up full—Amber down to limit.
ALL BORDERS.
Blue up full.
1000 WATT LAMPS.
ON L. OF STAGE.
1st Entrance—1 light blue, 1 dark blue.
2nd Entrance—1 light blue, 1 dark blue.
3rd Entrance—1 light blue, 1 dark blue.
4th Entrance—1 light blue, 1 dark blue.
ON R.—back of set row on floor.
1 dark blue.
Above house.
1 light blue.
SPOTS IN FLY GALLERY.
Back of 1st border—1 light blue.
Back of 2nd border—2 light blue.
BABY SPOTS.
L. 1 E.—4 light blue.
R. above house—1 pink.
R. in house—comes through door—1 pink.
BUNCHES.
Through window of house—1 pink.
Above house—1 light blue.
STRIP LIGHTS—Same ast ACT II.

CUES.

— — — — When CALLAHAN exits to house, leaving door open.
Amber foots come up ¼.
— — — — When JOE and ELSIE exit above house.
Amber foots down and out.

For Auto and Lights in House on Hill.

— — — — Mother—Boys.

Auto with head lights and rear end light starts from R.

Stops at house.

Count 5—lower windows are lighted.

Count 5—Auto starts downhill to L.

As it passes bushes, turn out lights on lower floor.

Sit on the piazza awhile—upper window is lighted.

Count 5—slowly lower the shade.

This is all timed so that as Muggs and Betty pass by house to exit, the shade starts down.

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